BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1945

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 31, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1945

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

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B. 14

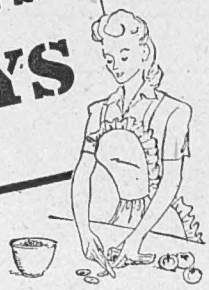
Teach children
KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1. *At the Kerb* HALT
2. EYES RIGHT
3. EYES LEFT
4. EYES RIGHT AGAIN
   then if the road is clear
5. QUICK MARCH
   Don't rush
   Cross in an orderly manner

Making PICKLES CHUTNEYS *and other good things*



THESE wholesome appetisers are some of the simplest things to make, but there are one or two points that need care.

Don't use pans of iron, brass or copper. If you use enamel-lined pans, be sure the enamel is not chipped. You can use any type of jar, but first wash thoroughly in hot water. If metal tops are used, protect them from the vinegar with a layer of melted wax or several thicknesses of grease-proof paper. If paper covers are used, prevent the vinegar from evaporating by tying a piece of rag dipped in melted wax over the paper.

SPICED VINEGAR

Most pickles are made with cold spiced vinegar, and as this improves with keeping, it is a good idea to make some in advance. The proportions of spices suggested suit the average palate, but you can vary them to suit your taste. For each quart of vinegar allow ¼ oz. each of cinnamon bark, cloves, whole all-spice and mace; a few peppercorns or a pinch of cayenne pepper, or use 1 oz. mixed pickling spices. Bring the spices and vinegar to boiling point in a covered pan and allow to stand for 2 hours without further heating. Strain.

MIXED PICKLES. A suitable mixture is some or all of the following: cauliflower, cucumber, French beans, onions and marrow. Clean the vegetables and cut in suitable-sized pieces, sprinkle with salt and leave to stand for 48 hours. Wash, drain very thoroughly and pack into bottles, leaving room for at least ½ inch vinegar on top. Pour in the cold spiced vinegar and seal.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY. 1 lb. onions, 5 lb. tomatoes, minced or chopped, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ to 1 teaspoon pickling spices, ¾ to 1 pint vinegar, 1 lb. sugar. Chop or mince the onion and cook it in very little water for about 20 minutes in covered pan. Add tomatoes, salt, add the pickling spices tied in muslin. Continue cooking until all the ingredients are quite tende. (about another ½ hour). It may be necessary to add a little vinegar during cooking to prevent burning. Then add the sugar and the rest of the vinegar, stir well and continue boiling gently with the lid off until the chutney has the consistency of jam and no free vinegar remains. Remove bag of spices.

HINTS ON DRYING FRUIT

1. Do not spread more than a single layer of fruit on each tray.
2. It is important to dry the fruit *right through.*
3. Apple rings and pear quarters, when dried, should have the "feel" of chamois leather; plums should be wrinkled but pliable, like prunes.
4. When the fruit is cold, store in airtight containers, and look over it from time to time to see that it is keeping.
5. A few cloves sprinkled among the stored fruit give a delicate flavour; the cloves can be used over and over again.

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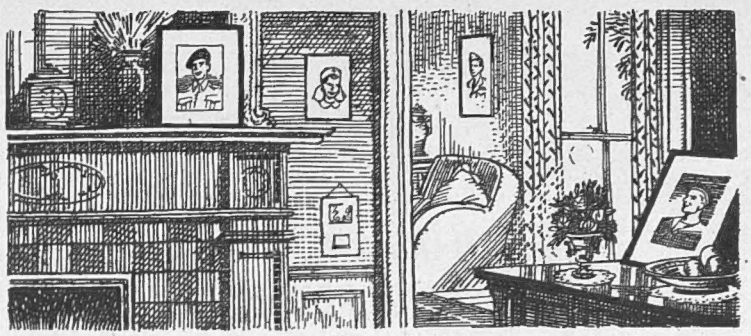

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE WATCHING

On the mantelpiece
in the parlour,
on the piano,
on the sideboard—
a boy in a beret
a pretty nurse
in her white cap,
a youth with wings,
a sailor with H.M.S.
on his hatband :
'Not home yet?'
'No, he's out East.'
'In India.'
'In Germany.'
The war is not over—yet
not over in many
and many a home . . .
Let us not therefore
behave thoughtlessly.
Let us prepare
a better homeland for all
and give thanks that
Victory has brought us
the chance to do
what our affections and
our duty require of us.

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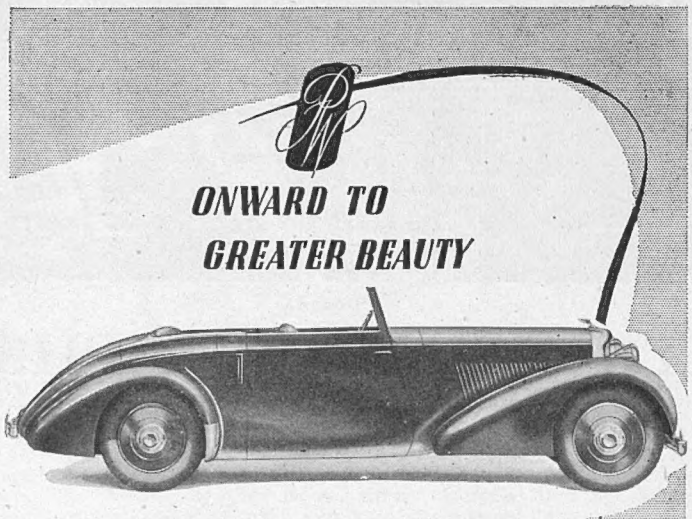

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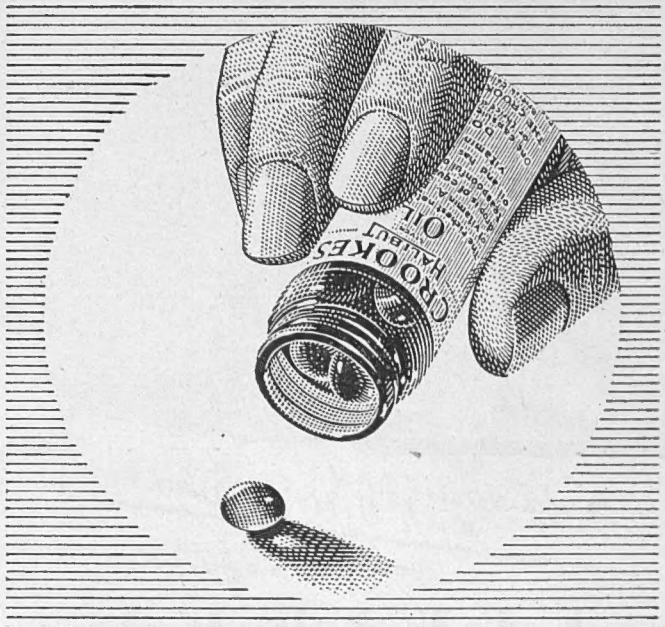

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METHOD. Cut the PROCEA Bread moderately thin. Trim neatly (save trimmings for breadcrumbs). Dip SANDWICHES into batter and fry both sides quickly in smoking hot fat. Drain on clean paper.

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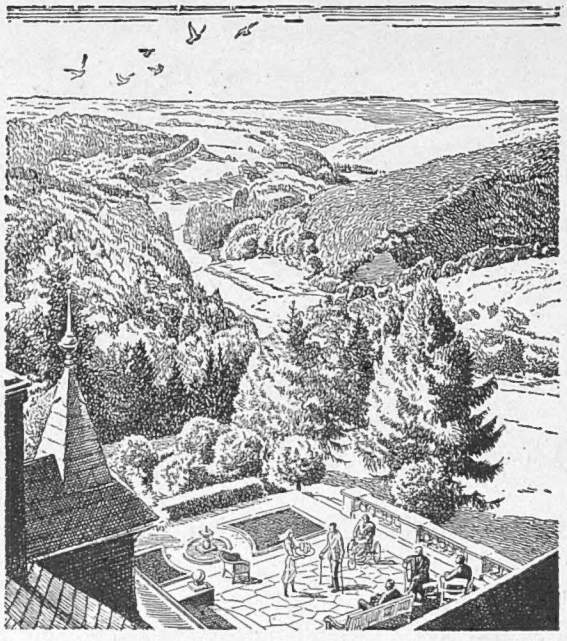

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Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939—but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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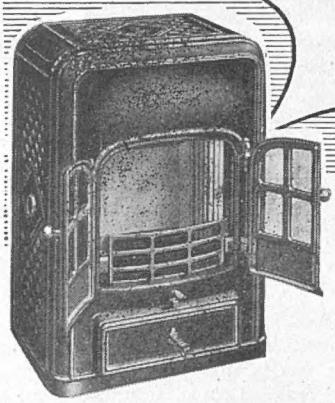

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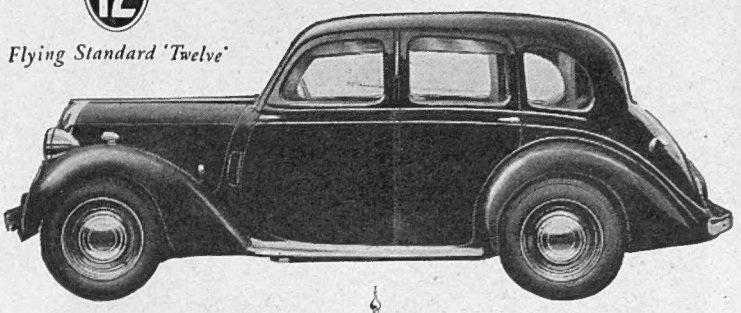

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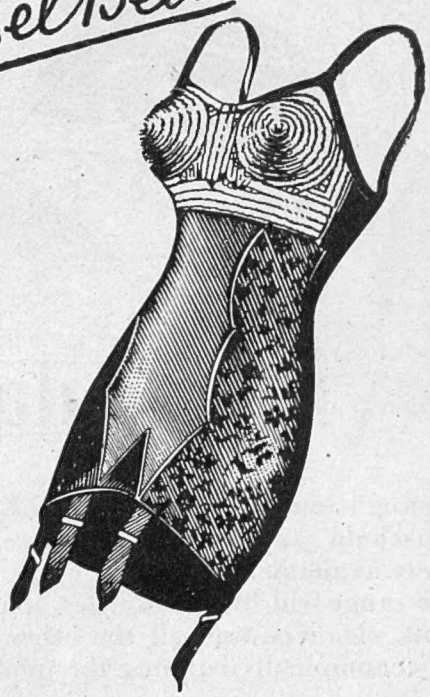

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"Mummie!" he panted. "Uncle! Uncle Joe! He's here! There was some 'Merican soldiers, an' he was with 'em"

A Man In The Family

A Romance of the American Invasion of Britain

By

Allan Swinton

SALLY JOHNSON was waiting for her son to come home to dinner in the cottage she had been lucky enough to be allotted when she arrived, homeless, tired and shaken, in a Sussex village from her bomb-gutted London street. She was twenty-six, fair, grey-eyed and pretty, but she had been four years a war-widow, and the strain of loneliness and struggle showed in hollow cheeks and a certain look in her eyes. Willie was very late, and she was vexed. It was meat-ration day. Her share had been shin of beef. She had managed to find both onions and spring carrots, and was looking forward to seeing him eat that rare thing in wartime England, a proper stew. Now school had been out for over half an hour and still he was not in.

Going to the window once again to peer out down the lavender-flanked garden-path, she saw him, a small, bare-kneed figure with a mop of yellow hair, running home like a mad thing. Through the white picket-gate and up the stone-flagged path he tore, eyes wide and blazing and his thin face pale with excitement. His pockets bulged and his hands were full of coloured packages.

"Mummie!" he panted. "Uncle! Uncle Joe! He's here! There was some 'Merican soldiers an' he was with 'em. I was in the tank 'n' drove it down the lane 'n' shot the gun. An' look what they gimme." He disgorged packets of Life-savers, chocolate and chewing-gum, a U.S. Army badge, a picture postcard of the Empire State Building, a dollar bill, a pair of dice and a G.I. knife, gifts of the crews of three American tanks.

Towards noon the grim bulks of these great land battleships had rumbled to a stop under cover of the oaks in a deep-cut lane outside the village. They were part of a mixed American and British force making mock battle, in preparation for a sterner day. Word of their presence quickly spread, and when school came out, the children hurried down the lane to see them. Waiting for orders, the Americans lounged against the Shermans' dun steel sides and ate their lunch.

Presently the attention of one crew was drawn to an altercation among a knot of urchins. "Yah!" yelled one scornfully. "If your uncle ever saw a German 'e 'd run for 'is life!"

The one addressed was skinny, about seven years old, thin-faced but big-headed, with tousled yellow hair and wide blue eyes that gleamed as he retorted fiercely: "If my uncle saw a lot of tanks like these an' they was Germans, an' he only had ten men, he 'd go for 'em, an' he 'd—he 'd—well, he 'd smash 'em."

This profession of faith produced a storm of jeers. A bun-faced boy with beady eyes sneered: "I bet 'is uncle 's just a cook or suthin'."

He was older and a good deal bigger than the fair child, but he went staggering back as the latter's bony fist smacked on his nose and was followed by a storm of blows. Then the rest, with vengeful howls, fell on the attacker and they all collapsed in a squirming heap.

A lank, lugubrious-faced sergeant, a steel-worker from Pittsburgh, known for his contradictory tastes for domesticity, fisticuffs and Shakespeare, stepped across, grabbing at collars and small, furious posteriors to reach the prime contender, who came up clutching his enemy's necktie and striking out wildly as Hank Slavin yanked him clear.

"Here, here!" said the sergeant. "What goes on?"

A small girl, who was watching the fracas with appreciation, lisped: "It 'th that Willie Johnthon. Thowin' off all the time. Him an' hith uncle."

Another child put in: "We don't believe he 's got no uncle."

The culprit aimed a furious blow at this new traducer, missed him and overbalanced, to fetch up hard against the sergeant's leg. After a futile squirm to free himself, he retorted passionately: "I have got an uncle! I 've never seen him, but his name 's Joe. He 's in America. He went when he was little. My father said——"

"There y'are!" yelled his first opponent, tearfully mopping a bloody nose at a prudent distance. "Lyin' again. 'E ain't got no farver."

The effect of this taunt on the prisoner was different from that produced by the others. For a moment he glared defiantly and seemed to grope for a suitable retort. Then his lip began to shake. Tears filled his eyes. Held by Hank Slavin's iron fist, he gulped and hung his head.

The small girl nodded importantly. "That 'th right. Hith father wath killed."

Bold while the sergeant gripped his enemy, he of the bloody nose yelled: "An' 'e can't take it, neither! Look at 'im blubbin'! Willie Johnson can't take it!"

The sergeant looked startled. Still grasping the youngster's collar, he demanded: "Did you say his name 's Johnson?"

"Yeth," said the girl. "Willie Johnthon. He 'th a 'vacuee."

"An' this uncle 's in America? Given name 's Joe?"

"Tho he theyth all the time."

The sergeant shot a quick glance at his watching crew. Then he stooped and thrust his long chin at the bun-faced boy. "So Bill Johnson ain't got no uncle? Suppose I say he has? Suppose I say that uncle 's from a ranch bigger 'n all Sussex, with two thousand head o' cattle an' three hundred horses, with antelopes on the range an' streams full o' trout, an' mountains to the west high as the sky, with snow on 'em all year? An' suppose I say he 's right here now?"

The bun-faced boy stopped sniffling to gape.

The sergeant let go Willie's collar and turned to a dark, good-looking corporal from Rawlins, Wyoming, who was watching sympathetically. "Don't it beat all? Right along you been wonderin' if you 'd meet up with your nephew when you came to England, and here we run slap into him."

He picked up Willie. "Bill, shake hands with your uncle, Joe Johnson from America."

Corporal Johnson had a name for handling Shermans as he had the broncos on the range at home. With a grin on his lean, brown face he took Willie's grubby paw. "Well, what d'yuh know?" he drawled. "Howdy, Bill? Sure is my lucky day. It 's a small world, say what you like."

Willie's lips were parted and his eyes, round as saucers, blazed with astonishment and eagerness.

The corporal took out his handkerchief. "Here. Better dry them eyes and blow that nose. And look at your fist. It 's cut. Don't wonder, sock you hit that guy. Close to knocked him out. Come over here and let me patch it up."

The sergeant said: "Maybe he 's interested in tanks. Show him around, why don't you?"

With an impressive G.I. bandage on his hand and watched awestruck by the other children, Willie was lowered through the turret into the shining bowels of a Sherman. Pale with delight, he sat in the driver's lap and held the levers. "Start her up an' let 's drive apiece," he was told casually. "Just shove this button." Willie shoved and jumped as the engine thundered into life. With his small hands on the levers under the big ones of his new-found relative, the tank rumbled up the lane between the mossy banks, studded with ferns, primroses and violets. It wallowed around at the fork and rumbled back.

A grinning, red-haired gunner yelled through the hatch. "Hey, corp! Don't hog the guy, if you are his uncle. Leave him come up here apiece, will ya? Wanna shoot the gun, bub? Look, here 's how she goes."

Small hands swung the lever and the gleaming breech-block clicked and slid. They moved the traversing and elevating gears and the gun rose and swung. "An' here 's the machine-gun. Look, here 's how you load her. Belt goes in here. See? Yank this handle. Snicko! She 's in. Here 's the sight. Squint down it. See all them Heinies on the hill? *Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!* All down. Deader 'n mackerel."

The sergeant eased in through the hatch. "Lemme have him a minute. Here, Bill. Wanna hear the officers talkin' every place? Maybe hear General Eisenhower?"

He put the wireless headpiece on the yellow head and Willie gasped and grinned as he heard the give-and-take of orders from one unit to another . . .

As the tale of his adventure poured from her small son, Sally's face was a study in bewilderment. "Where is he now?" she asked, when he drew breath.

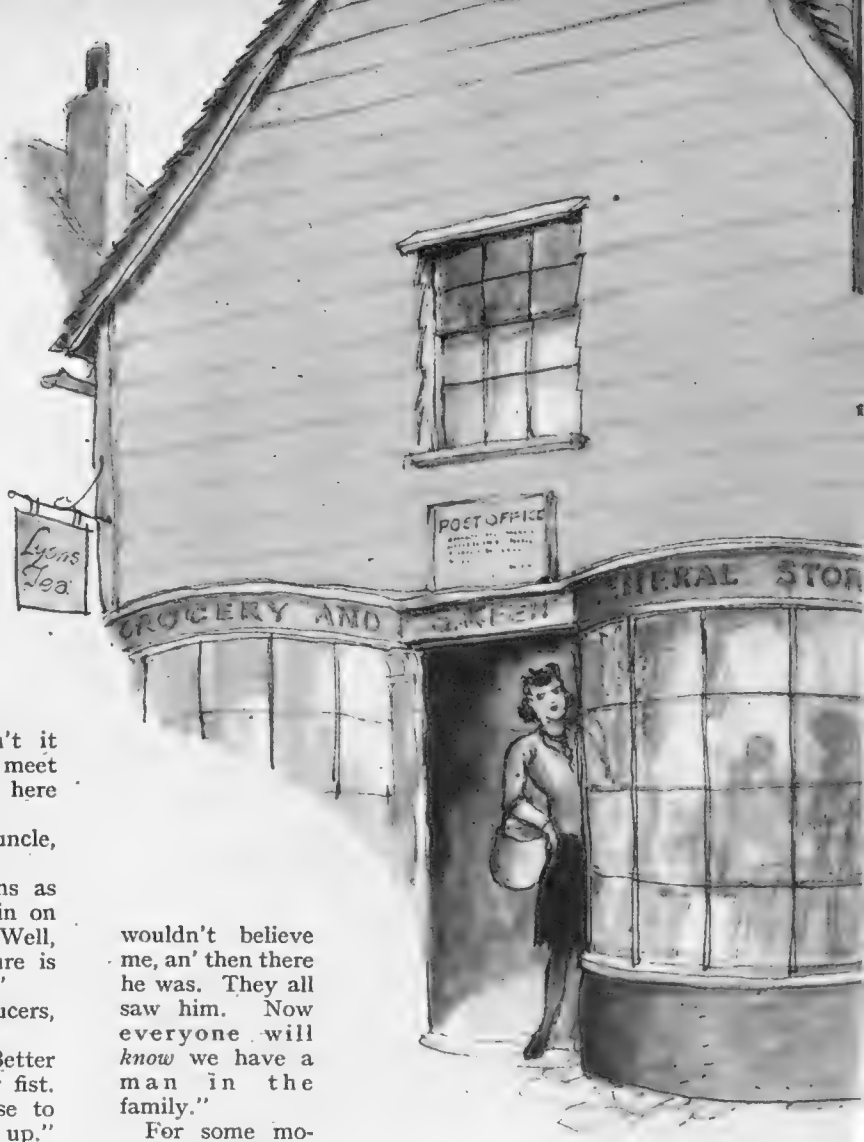
"He 's gone. The General told 'em on the wireless an' they all went off."

"And is he coming back?"

Willie's face fell as he shook his head. "No," he said desolately. "They 're goin' to France 'n' the Pacific 'n' Japan 'n' everywhere. I told him you 'd want to see him, but he said he couldn't, and the sergeant said to tell you all about it an' you 'd understand."

"I—see," said Sally.

"Wasn't it *wonderful*, Mummie?" Willie cried. "I told an' *told* the boys I had an uncle in America and they wouldn't believe me, an' then there he was. They all saw him. Now everyone will *know* we have a man in the family."



For some moments Sally did not seem to hear. Then she clasped her son to her passionately, holding him for a long time. Over his shoulder her mouth shook and her eyes were wet.

FOR three days of English spring the mock war swayed across the Weald. When it was over, some U.S. units which had been training farther north were kept there in the south, nearer the ports from which before long they would be launched on Nazi Europe. One tank regiment was allotted to De Bracey Court, a great house long abandoned by an owner taxed to bankruptcy. Now American boys from twenty States filled the bare, lofty rooms, with oak-plank floors and graceful Adam fireplaces and ceilings, while under the baronial oaks and beeches and, camouflaged, all through the park were arched iron barrack-huts and groups of transport.

After two days of cleaning, shaking-down and catching up lost sleep, such men as could get passes strolled to the nearby village. Their casual figures lounged along the wide street, with its straggle of odd-shaped low cottages, and crowded in to drink the strong ale at the inn, the Ship of Spain. When the old hostelry was filled, they overflowed on to the cobblestones and goose-grazed turf outside.

The day was Saturday. Next to the inn was the post-office and general store. As they stood drinking their ale from pewter pots and chaffering in the immemorial way of soldiers, suddenly the store door opened and a small form exploded from it with an ecstatic cry of "*Uncle!*"

From the door of the store Sally Johnson saw her son fling himself on a tall, loose-limbed corporal. He was a man of about her own age or a little older, with a lean face, keen, humorous blue eyes, a generous mouth, an easy carriage, and an air frank and forthright if a little wistful—a first-rate figure of a man and a relative for anyone to be proud of.

With a curious expression on her face, she watched Willie's eager greeting. She saw how, despite the grins of watching comrades, her son was hailed as an old friend by the corporal and the solemn-faced sergeant who was with him, and her heart warmed with gratitude.

Presently Willie seized the corporal's hand and began pulling him towards the store. "My mother 's in there. Come on and see my mother."

From the door of the store, Sally Johnson saw her son fling himself on a tall, loose-limbed corporal. He was a man of about her own age or a little older, a first-rate figure of a man and a relative for anyone to be proud of

Like the rest of the rank and file, since they had not entered it, Johnson had had no means of knowing this was a village beyond the far side of which they had halted for an hour five days before. The meeting, with its revival of an almost-forgotten incident, was a disconcerting shock to him and Sergeant Slavin.

Now he panicked. "Hey! No! Look, bud, I got something I must do particular. Lemme go, will you——"

With flushed face and oddly-shining eyes, Sally left the store. Seeing her, Willie tugged energetically at the corporal, shouting: "Mummie! This is *him*! Here's Uncle Joe!" His voice rose in a crescendo of delight. "He's come to stay at the *Court*!"

Sally approached with outstretched hand. "So you're my husband's brother? Though you've never written, we've often talked about you. I could hardly believe it when Willie said you'd met."

The corporal hesitated, felt Willie clinging to his hand, and looked down at the thin face gazing up at him adoringly. He swallowed. Then he took Sally's hand. "No, Ma'am," he said, "I guess you couldn't."

"I was just going home. You'll come and have tea with us, won't you? Please," she begged with reproach as he protested. "Please come if you've the time. You're my husband's only relative, and there's so much to talk about."

She turned to Slavin. "You're his friend, aren't you, sergeant? You'll come and have a cup of tea with us, to celebrate. It's only just past the pond."

Willie began to pull his "Uncle" towards home, hopping from foot to foot and chanting: "Tea, tea, tea, tea."

Seeking escape, the corporal looked around him wildly.

Hank Slavin's canonical face cracked in a smile of surprising tenderness. "Thanks, Ma'am. We'll be mighty pleased. Come on, Joe." He relieved Sally of her basket, took Willie's other hand, and started off.

Bursting with pride, the small boy towed the two Americans past the Elizabethan tavern with its scrolled and gilded sign, past the duckpond and the green beyond, to a tiny, white, thatched cottage among gnarled old fruit-trees on which the buds were swelling. On the mossy, low stone wall around the garden, aubretia hung in vari-shaded clumps of purple, and alyssum grew in yellow masses. Daffodils strewed the beds, with white narcissi and long swathes of blue grape-hyacinths.

At the door the two men had to stoop under the lintel of time-weathered oak. Cautiously they advanced behind their hostess into a small room with whitewashed walls and a very low, uneven ceiling held up by two blackened beams. The square slots and spike-holes down one side of these showed that, before their present term of usefulness, itself two centuries old, they had outlived another as keel-strakes in a man-o'-war. The floor was of massive flagstones, in spots

Illustrations by Hailstone

Johnson was on his feet, gazing at the fire. He raised his head when she went across and sat down. Overhead, the old beams creaked as Slavin moved about. "Look, I've got to tell you something," he said.

deeply worn. A log burned on the hearth of a wide brick fireplace. The place was immaculate, the curtains, though cheap, gay and crisp. A bit of brass here and there gleamed like gold. The scent of violets and snowdrops on the table, and of daffodils in the window, mixed with the tang of woodsmoke in a piquant odour.

Eyeing with a smile the two men with their heads three inches from the ceiling, Sally said: "It's a queer little place. You'll only just get in. But we're very lucky to have a house at all, let alone one to ourselves, these times. You won't mind if I ask you to sit down carefully. The furniture's just junk, picked up where we could when ours was blitzed, and we don't weigh as much as you."

They lowered themselves gingerly into lumpy old armchairs covered with washed-out chintz. Sally said: "You'll excuse me while I get tea. Willie will do the honours. Oh, no"—in response to their protests dictated by Army orders not to eat English people's rations. "Don't worry about that. There's always bread, and we do better for jam in the country—if you don't mind having only a scrape of butter."

When they were settled around the fire with tea and sandwiches of bread and jam, Sally said to the corporal: "Of course, you couldn't know about my husband."

He had been waiting vainly for a chance to explain the situation without disillusioning Willie. Not for anything would he have committed that unkindness. Now, with the boy seated raptly on a stool beside him, making him toast, he could only say uncomfortably: "No, Ma'am."

"They killed him in the sea at Dunkirk, waiting up to his shoulders for a boat to take them off," she told him soberly. "Since then Willie's been the man of the family, haven't you, son?" She ruffled the small boy's hair with lingering tenderness.

Willie looked up from the toasting-fork and grinned. "But now we got Uncle Joe, ain't we?"

"Haven't we?" corrected Sally.

Hank Slavin said: "Do I get it you ain't got no other men, Ma'am, nowhere?"

"One of my brothers went down in the 'Hood.' My parents and my other brother were in their shelter when a bomb hit it. And, of course, my husband was an orphan." She looked at Johnson. "That's how the family got broken up so young. I don't expect you remember much of England after being away since you were a child," she went on.

Hank Slavin said: "He hardly rec'lects a thing. But he was always wonderin' if he'd meet up with any relations when we come overseas. Ain't that so, P—Joe?"

"Yeah. That's true okay," declared Pete Johnson, with relief at the chance for once in this affair to speak the truth.

"And you did," said Sally. "We're so glad. Tell me, is England as you pictured it?"

"We—el," Johnson said. "It's a funny thing. I was thinking—about this village and your house here, Ma'am. Though they're as different as could be from where I come from, I feel like, sometimes, I been in places just the same back in the States. I don't get it."

The sergeant said: "That's easy. They was homes, an' so is this. Homes, real homes, feel (*Continued on page* 52)

Berlin girls are smart. Here are two in chic summer frocks, high-heeled shoes, and handbags. They also look as if they have paid a recent visit to the hairdresser

The Women Of Germany . . .

By Ferdinand Tuohy

WE talk about re-educating the children of Germany, but what about their mothers and aunts and elder sisters? All we ever seem to hear about Germany's younger women—those, say, between the ages of sixteen and thirty-six—turns on their reputed readiness to console the conqueror. From the reams written on the subject, one would think that "Fräulein" had ubiquitously come to heel as a chattel and that all the Occupation meant to her was the opportunity to better her lot by trading her sex.

The wrecking of homes by the million, and all they contained, the disintegration of as many again by war casualties and family displacements, the complete upset in Germany and its overrunning by foreign troops, are strokes calculated to bring the widest loosening of female morals that any European nation has known for many a long day.

Nevertheless, we are in for a shock if we think we can write off "Fräulein" as a vehicle of pleasure in these coming years, handsome but hard to shameless. The trouble is that we generalize too much, not seeing the recesses of Nordic womanhood for the big-boned Aryan female in the foreground.

Sex is at the bottom of this tale, too, but in a very different way. Rather am I thinking of the power to mould the German child's mind, which these younger women possess, no matter how the school books are rewritten, and their potency in keeping green the memory of Hitler while lovers, husbands, brothers and even sons find their way back into the life of Germany.

Who can exercise over childhood anything comparable to the influence of a mother, an elder sister, an aunt, or an *ange gardien*, as Marcel Prevost caustically pinned down the English "Nannie" anglicizing her little French charges in the Bois? Well, that's what these younger German women also are. They may undulate knowingly in their gay print frocks and display the "large, vigorous nature, running back to those huge-limbed Germans of Tacitus," as Oliver Wendell Holmes fell in a big way—the old boy was also seduced by the voice that "had so much woman in it." But by no means all of those we are pleased to lump together as "Fräulein" go into the shop window, while how many of those who do, are covering up their true selves, putting on an act to facilitate their hidden purpose?

Down on the Tegernsee, near Berchtesgaden, I went rowing this past summer with a dark-haired, blue-eyed Bavarian girl. She was my first case of "fratting" and the flash of the eye (immediately corrected) when I first let fall the word "Fuehrer" told me a bookful. ("Hitler" doesn't have the same effect.) This bonnie young woman, as glowing as the peak above at sunset, was being extremely nice. She had got somebody she could talk German freely with, and in return for my telling her about England, she told me about herself. She was twenty-four, married, with a three-year-old son, husband missing, home in Munich a rubble and most of her family missing too. Yes, she had been a Hitler Mädel, though an R.C. But all that was over now . . . *alles vorbei und vorueber.*

Adept at turning the conversation when I grew warm (politically, I mean) she always had the Americans as a topic. Why were they so boyish over women? German women were used to respecting and obeying their men, to whom they gave themselves sincerely. They did not like being whistled and goggled at, or being pulled about one moment and looked upon with a sort of worship the next.

I'd nod in comprehension, but more at the image

(*Continued on page* 68)

Seen in the streets of Berlin. A fashionably dressed young Fräulein in a smart floral frock and turban-style hat

A pair of robust-looking young German girls taking a walk in Berlin

These Discoveries

THEY climbed into the rear compartment of the big interplanetary rocket plane and piled their atomic projectors on the weapon rack.

"Twenty-eight days' leave after two years on this Venus dump," growled Private Brown. "Shortage of transport, they say. When they goin' to put more ships on this run?"

"When the Mars war's over," said Sergeant Smith. "And that won't be tomorrow, *you* know that. Those Mars babies are tough. They're fightin' back. They got a divertin' ray now. Off you go on the target, an' *whoost!* on the outer perimeter the controls go haywire, and round she swings, headin' for anywhere but Mars, and you can't get back on course. Some of 'em wreck trying to make Earth again. We lost a lotta ships."

"Maybe they'll turn up after a trip round the Big Empty," said the soldier uncomfortably.

"Maybe."

"Wot worries me," said Corporal Jones, "is this 'ere atomic television. Now they're makin' long-range civilian sets my old woman may 'ave one, and I bin doin' a bit o' fraternizing."

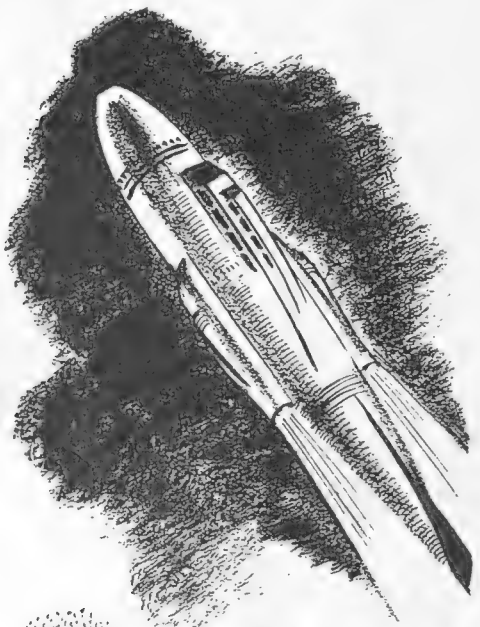
"Lush, these Venus females," said the sergeant understandingly. "Lush. I'm goin' to accept the government offer of a million-acre farm and transplant over 'ere, cloud and carbon dioxide or no cloud an' carbon dioxide. My kids'll rise on Venus. No chance o' that on Earth. Too overcrowded. Politicians keep all the ice cream for 'emselves and their pals now."

"Kids?" said the corporal. "I didn't know you was married."

"Marry out here," said the sergeant stiffly. "But different to Earth gals, these Venus gals, but you get used to 'em. Kids'll be different, but it'll work out. Look how it's worked out on Earth. All started from tadpoles or somethin'."

The gong boomed.

"Hang on," said the sergeant. "Here we go."



THAT'S all looking quite a way ahead, perhaps, but the scientists say that atomic conquest makes the bridging of interplanetary space a theoretical possibility. Besides, fantasy fades a little if one rides back in time and looks at today through the eyes of a Roman centurion, an Assyrian bowman, or Ug, the flint-thrower. Any of these would have found the weird and monstrous world of the Global War incredible. Yet among them were minds which started the march into an Atomic Age and all its wonders.

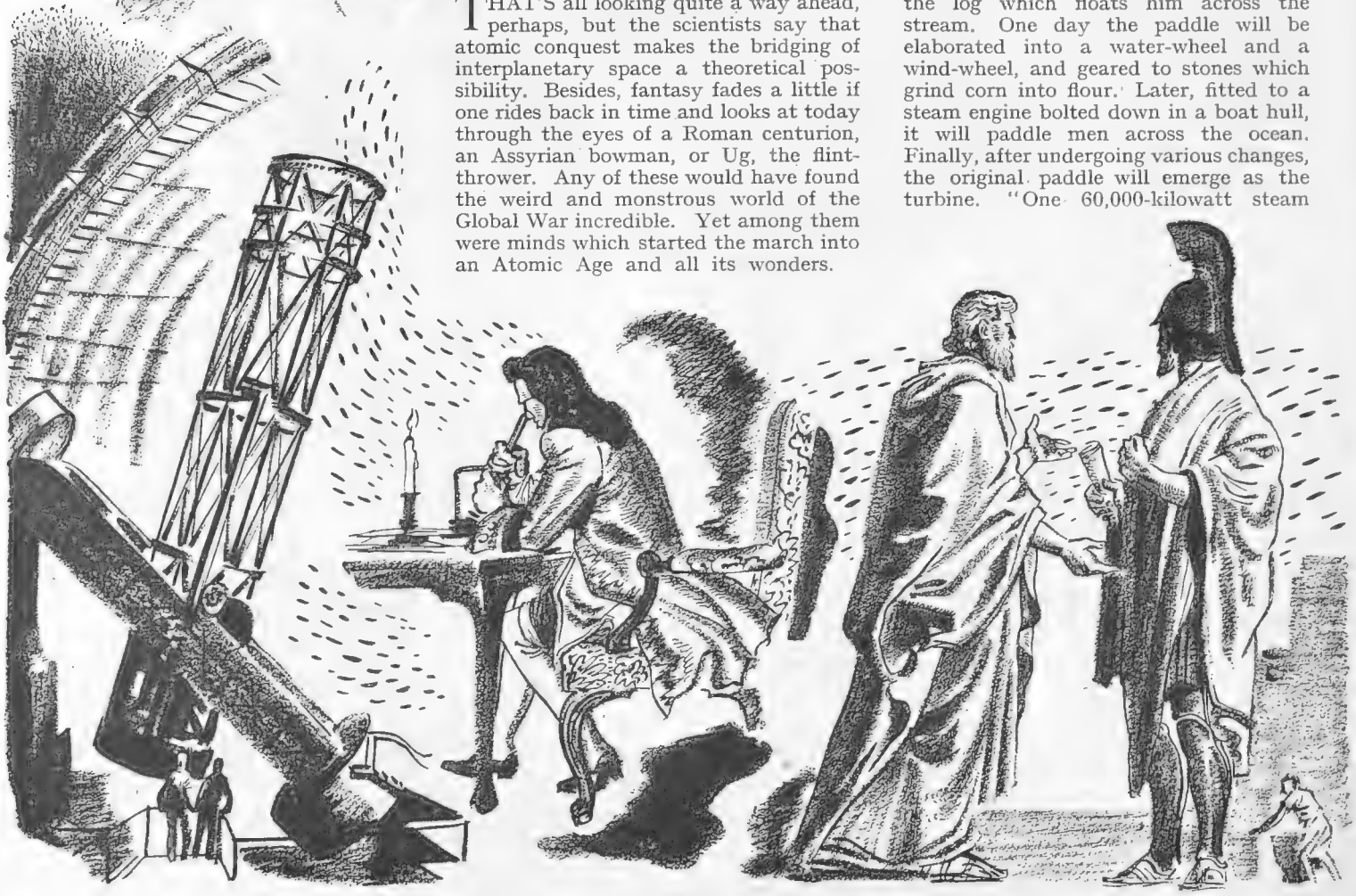
Decoration by Jack Matthew

Here, under a drift of spring rain, squats a man clad in animal skins. He has seen the seeds fall from the ripe grass, and marked the place, and now he watches them sprout from the warm, moist soil. An idea slowly forms in his mind. If a man gathered the seeds, and put them in the ground outside his cave, he would not have to make long journeys, foraging. Our primitive friend is inventing agriculture, and agriculture will, in time to come, put his species on the arduous road to civilization.

Moving on in time, we meet another man. He points one end of a piece of wide hollowed wood and sharpens one side to form a blade. It is the first ploughshare. Out of this rough tool will one day come the steel implement which, harnessed to a tractor, enables one man to do the work of a thousand spadesmen, the tool without which the contemporary planet could not sustain its vast population of humans and animals, all with stomachs which need stoking regularly with field-grown foods.

Here's a third man, chipping and burning a hole in a roughly-circular segment of tree-trunk. The inventor of the wheel on the job. From his wheel—man's first adventure in physics, and perhaps his greatest invention—will come, many thousands of years after, the first machine, and, from the first machine, the hordes of robots and mechanisms which run our fabulous world.

And here crouches yet another man, flattening a branch to make a paddle for the log which floats him across the stream. One day the paddle will be elaborated into a water-wheel and a wind-wheel, and geared to stones which grind corn into flour. Later, fitted to a steam engine bolted down in a boat hull, it will paddle men across the ocean. Finally, after undergoing various changes, the original paddle will emerge as the turbine. "One 60,000-kilowatt steam



Changed Human Life

How Many of Those Old Basic Inventions Were Thought Out, Sketched With Chalk on a Rock Wall, or a Stick in the Sand—and How Many Were Accidental Discoveries?

By C. Patrick Thompson

turbine running continuously," you whisper into the ear of the hairy gentleman, "will do the same work as 2,274,000 men working eight-hour shifts." But the germinal inventor looks at you blankly. He hasn't the slightest idea what you are talking about.

How many of those old basic inventions were thought out, sketched with chalk on a rock wall, or a stick in the sand; and how many were accidental discoveries? The ratio may not have changed through the ages. Discoveries which change human life are continually being made by accident.

Galileo attends a cathedral service. It is draughty in the church and a lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling begins to swing. He notices the rhythmic movement. A thought buds, and presently flowers into the laws controlling the movements of pendulums. Four centuries have passed, but still new uses are being found for pendulums.

X-ray and radium were accidental discoveries. So was the vulcanizing of rubber which makes tyre manufacture possible. Ethyl as an anti-knock ingredient for petrol was found accidentally when the storekeeper in a research shop handed a worker a bottle of iodine as colouring matter for motor fuel.

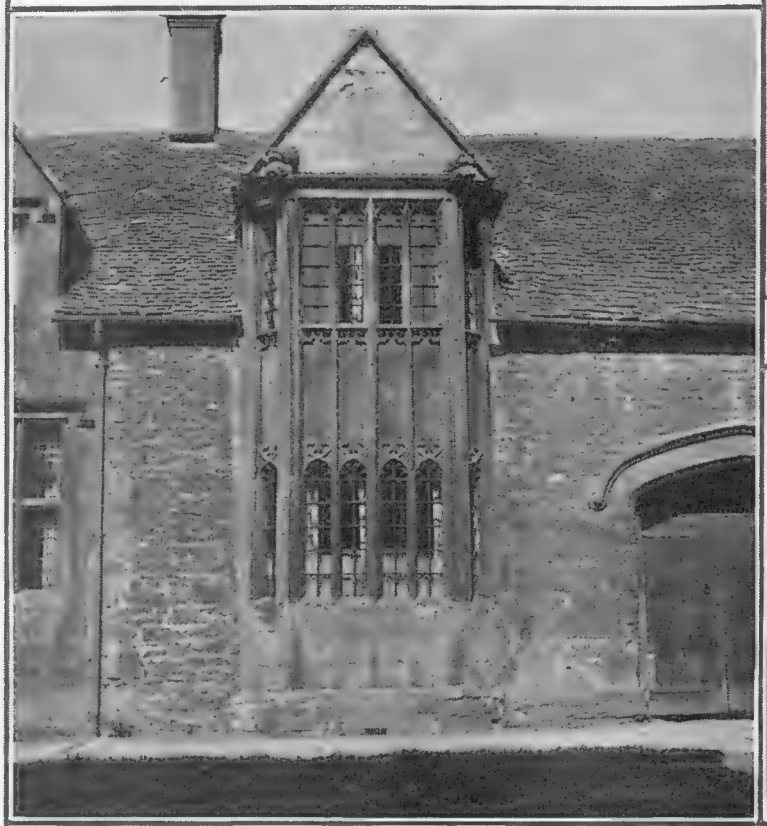
Edison sat late at night rolling a bit of soft material in his fingers as a man will sometimes absently roll pellets of bread. He was looking for something which would become incandescent when electric current passed through it. After trying almost every known material, he was still at a loss. He had dropped the experiment for the time, and was working on his telephone. The material he was fingering, a mixture of tar and lampblack, had been used on it. Idly, he looked at the stuff. He had twiddled it into a thread. He thought: Carbon—I may as well try that. He got up and went back to his bench. As the electric current flowed through the thread, it glowed faintly. He had it!

ALFRED NOBEL, manufacturing in Sweden, nitro-glycerine, a new explosive invented by the Italian scientist Sobrero, had use of his product prohibited when the dangerous stuff blew up his factory and killed his brother. He kept on making the "soup," and looking for ways to make it safer. One day, unloading cans of the explosive from a wagon, he noticed that one had been leaking badly. Theoretically, the stuff should have exploded on impact. Looking to see why he still lived, Nobel noticed that the liquid was dripping on a sand patch. The porous sand absorbed it and held it. From this chance revelation, it was only a technical step to dynamite, an explosive safe to make, move and handle. (*Continued on page 62*)

The beauty of Oolite increases with age. An ancient Cotswold house

In the Cotswold district tiles of this lovely stone are the traditional roofing material

THE STONE HOUSES OF OLD ENGLAND



A fine example of Oolite architecture. William Grevel's house at Chipping Campden

A fourteenth-century inn in Somerset. "The Swan" at Minster Lovel

A row of stone-built cottages at Broadway

OBLIQUELY across England from Dorset into Lincolnshire extends a large belt of oolite limestone, a product of the Jurassic Age. Architectural beauty of a high order marks this region, for oolite ranks supreme among the freestones. Varying in colour and texture in different localities the stone attains the apex of its glory in the Cotswolds. Here, too, building-design, though simple, has distinct nobility.

Through manifold transitional shades, the hue of Cotswold oolite ranges from pale cream to golden brown, from buff to silvery-grey. Indeed, the colour is indefinable. Certainly it has greyness about it, yet it is a greyness softly radiant as if the sunlight of centuries had seeped into the retentive stone, thoroughly permeating it. Every building glows with a wondrous mellowness, rich and luminous. It seems that Cotswold towns and villages are always sunlit.

The individual stories of grass, sheep and wool form, as it were, a trilogy of Cotswold oolite. Layers of the exquisite stone lay beneath the sweet, green turf whereon once pastured a breed of sheep whose ample fleece brought immense prosperity to the wolds. The wealthy wool-staplers and other benefactors, like William Grevel, John Tame, Edmund Tame, Sir Baptist Hicks and John Fortey, expended huge fortunes on stately churches, manor houses, farms and, lastly, especially between 1580 and 1690, on rural cottages. Fortunately the early Cotswold craftsmen established an "architectural" style best suited to the light-responsive stone; and when these "pioneers" were (*Continued on page* 64)

IT was apparent that Roderic's love for Lily festered jealousy of Dane

A Lily for Orestes

A Drama Of The Burma Jungle

By Alan Hyder

FOR the rest of his life Dane never ceased to marvel that his father could have brought such a girl in and introduced her so prosaically.

"Sister Lily Anderson," Mr. Orvel said. "She wants me to go over and see the matron of a London hospital that's taken over the Dower House. About milk and eggs."

Sister Anderson resembled a lily; slim, poised in white uniform, with a nimbus of glittering gold hair about the starched frills of her nurse's cap.

Dane rose awkwardly from the kitchen table, reddened abashed, trying to swallow with a constricted throat. His father affected astonishment.

"My son Dane," he said. "Not ever a loquacious youngster. But not usually so tongue-tied as this. Ah! A piece of cake gone down the wrong way—or something."

Dane's flush seemed to set fire to his ears. It was the first time that he remembered disliking his father's banter. He stood and goggled like any country yokel.

"My nephew will be in presently," Mr. Orvel said. "The boys are never far apart. Pylades and Orestes I call 'em. You'll probably find Orestes more talkative."

Dane found his voice as his father went out.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Anderson?"

"Not in my kitchen," Old Martha said surlily. "I'm busy. Take her to the house. I'll bring in tea."

In the untidy, over-furnished front room Lily Anderson waited while Dane swept books from a big cretonne-covered armchair.

"Is she always as cross as that?" she smiled.

"Martha? It's just her way." Not having seen the smile Dane's heart was slowing to its customary tempo. "Old Martha's the only woman here. She finds us rather a trial."

"A farm full of men?"

"Just dad, Roderic, and myself. And two stockmen."

"Roderic? That will be Orestes?"

"Yes. My cousin. A grand chap."

"A farmer, too, of course?"

"Well—yes. But he makes us all look just plodding country clods."

"Really! How?"

"Oh, Roddie is different," Dane said. "Rather difficult to explain. But he——"

Voices in the passage dispensed with the necessity for explanations. Martha entered with a tray of tea things. Roderic held the door wide for her. He did not at first see their visitor. When he came into the room something of the same breath-catching admiration that had confused Dane paused him. But it was momentary. He strode forward and the conversation became animated.

Roderic was tall, slender, dark: a thin sensitive face shadowing and lightening to the ever-changing play of his moods. It was Roderic's restless eyes that would glimpse a hawk conceive its stoop. He

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

was ever the first to descry a jay's nest, observe a badger's holt. He could trail a vixen from the littered feathers of her kill.

Dane was as tall but thicker set, a Saxon blond. His chin jutted squarely. His blue eyes were steady and direct. He was a slow speaker. He planted his rather large feet firmly and went ahead unhurried. His plough furrows were mostly straighter than Roderic's. And, though Roderic usually would gain almost a three-quarter field start, Dane it was as a rule who first finished.

Both now in their early twenties the boys had lived together since the death of Roderic's parents. Soon after Roderic's arrival at the Orvel farm Dane's mother had died. That drew the boys close, nourished a comradeship that flourished as did their own growth. The devotion between them was a local byword. Martha, the grumpy, moustached old cook, was the only feminine influence on the farm. The boys had reached manhood devoid of overmuch interest in the opposite sex.

Until this advent of Sister Lily Anderson.

Dane sat silent, admiring, as the girl sparkled vivaciously to the charm of Roderic.

It was Roderic who escorted her home across the fields.

IN his room that night Dane flung wide the casements. Across the valley tall elms avenued towards the darkened Dower House. He supposed she would be there, calmly sleeping. He wondered whether ever again after seeing her he would be able to sleep soundly himself.

His door opened softly. In pyjamas and dressing-gown Roderic entered. Not speaking he curled on the window ledge and lit a cigarette. His reverie broken Dane lit one also. They smoked in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. And each aware of the other's thoughts. Dane saw that Roderic, too, gazed across the valley to the elms pointing blackly against the stars.

A cow lowed mournfully. From the garden lifted the night scent of honeysuckle; from the farm the tang of the cow byres was sweet.

Roderic broke the silence. He said:—

"Dane. You feel, as I do, about—Lily?"

Dane looked soberly at him. "Yes," he answered.

A feathery cloud draped aslant the moon. It was symbolic of the first dissonance between Pylades and Orestes.

"I'm sorry," Roderic said.

He went out.

It was two days before Dane saw Lily again. It was evening. She came across the lower meadow, with Roderic. They waved to him. Dane went on, forgetting his errand.

At breakfast Mr. Orvel quizzed the boys. A man does not miss much that goes on on his own land. But, as they went out, he said, as though apropos of nothing in particular:—

"You lads are good pals. Nothing should be able to break that friendship. If it is as staunch as I think it is."

Roderic stooped and flipped a pebble for the terrier to chase.

"I don't think anything will, dad," Dane said.

"Sister Lily is a town girl," Mr. Orvel went on. "Things that might mean a lot to men like us who live close to the earth might not mean quite so much to her. And I should judge Sister Lily capable of flirting a trifle." He went off. Over his shoulder he said: "She is two years older than you boys."

Roderic grinned and chirruped his horses. "You're going down to the bracken, Dane?" Dane nodded. "Well, see you at dinner. And, Dane!" Dane stopped and rested a big brown hand on a horse's warm flank. He looked up at Roderic. Roderic said: "Dane, the pater's a funny old crump, isn't he. Two years! Now how the devil did he rake that information out, I wonder? But, Dane, a girl, now, even one like Lily, couldn't break us apart?"

"Don't be a damned fool!" Dane slapped the horse. "Giddieup!" he called. The wagon rumbled away. Roderic waved his whip.

In the ensuing weeks Dane knew well that Lily and Roderic were seeing a lot of each other. He went about his work with a quiet abstraction. Until his father asked:—

WITH this nearness of the fighting front Dane felt fear, of a sudden he was afraid. To get this far towards Roderic—and then be too late.

"D'you think that girl is worth worrying about, son?"

"Yes, dad. I think so."

"I'm not so sure. Anyway, Roderic is neglecting his work."

Strive as he might, Dane could not eradicate Sister Lily from his thoughts. And awareness that the debonair Roderic was making the running bereft him of all hope. Strangely, there came to life deep within him an apprehensive nagging that the companionship between Roddie and himself was in danger. Why that should be so he could not understand. But, inexplicable as it was, it was apparent that Roderic's love for Lily festered jealousy of Dane!

Curiously, despite the fact that Lily was squired almost solely by Roderic, she shared her favours equally between the two youths so far as Mr. Orvel could discern. What went on in the spinneys and the moors he could, of course, only guess. But Dane appeared to be as high in the girl's estimation as Roderic. Mr. Orvel could only curse and wish that the hospital had been evacuated to another county.

OLD Martha did certainly not like Lily. She termed her a flibbertigibbet, a pert wench who'd be well advised to give over adventuring in green fields and go back to her pavements.

Lily had been a constant visitor to the Orvel Farm for six weeks before the inevitable rift cracked suddenly wide and deep between Pylades and Orestes.

Dane had taken a mare to the smithy. It was an excuse to avoid playing gooseberry to Lily and Roderic while they made merry on the lawn over tea. He left before she was due. But, owing to the indisposition of a colleague, Lily was required for duty that night. She went early to the farm. And met Dane.

Details of that encounter were curtained in Dane's memory into separate sections. One portion was misty, vague, the other acid clear.

"I don't see very much of you, Dane," Lily said.

"The farm keeps (*Continued on page* 56)

Holy Island Folk

How the Inhabitants Live and Work

By Richard Perry

Rowing across from Lindisfarne to St. Cuthbert's Island. Here Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, built his hermit's cell by a well which is still active

Three of the Island's inhabitants pointing out spots of interest to a pair of Waafs who spent a leave on the Island

The crew of a fishing boat examining their nets which have been laid out to dry before another trip to sea

Most of the men on Holy Island are fishermen. Here is John Tough, who is seen repairing his nets. He was in charge of the Home Guard on Holy Island

HERE, then, on this small Island of Lindisfarne off the coast of Northumberland, whose strand of tidal sands has preserved the independence and peculiar characteristics of its inhabitants through the centuries, and surprisingly still does so, despite continual comingsand goings, is a community of some 250 souls, dwelling in eighty-three houses, four inns, and a castle. The bulk of the 250 belong to a score of families established on the island for at least 100 years, two or three tracing their descent back 400 years. How do they live now?

Of the ninety-seven men twenty-eight were creel and line fishing before the war, two or three salmon fishing, and three or four more and a few women and girls went regularly to the winkles. Twelve men worked on the one big and two small farms, and thirteen more as coastguards and lifeboat engineer, postmaster and carrier, roadman, joiner, mason, greensman on the links, schoolmaster, abbey custodian and vicar. The rest of the able-bodied men and a big proportion of the women were employed permanently or seasonally in the catering trade and hackney hire.

After my two initial expeditions to the island as a naturalist my headquarters were subsequently at Seaburn House, an old, grey stone building adjoining the great herring smoke-house of the "Iron Rails" at the east end of the village. From my bedroom in Seaburn House the first thing I hear on waking, and often the last thing at night, is the clanking of the village pump handle. None of the island houses have water laid on, so every drop must be carried from the well at the top of the beach. In a dry season, when rain-water barrels and underground tanks are empty, there is consternation on washing day, which may begin as early as three o'clock in the morning, for all the water for poss-barrels and coppers must be carried from the well—a quarter of a mile uphill carry for those who live at the west end of the village.

The first pumper in the morning will be one of the fishermen's wives or daughters, who are always out of their beds in the early hours, for their men are away to sea at break of day, and before dawn on the dark winter mornings. Come their return in the forenoon there is the house to "muck oot," food to cook, and lines to be baited for the next day—a six-hour seat for one woman: three hours to skein the mussels and three hours to bait the sixty score hooks on a line. Those fishermen who have no womenfolk to bait for them give out their lines at 5s. a line. Well for the women when the lobster season begins in February or March, for then the men buy cods' head at 10s. a stone and bait their creels as they haul them—though if fish are plentiful at the beginning of the season they may put out 600 hooks a day and catch their own bait.

The clanking pump handle will be the first reminder of (*Continued on page* 54)

The "Rainbow Arch" of the ruins of Lindisfarne Priory, Holy Island

One of the old boathouses on Holy Island in which the fishermen store their gear. It is a disused herring-boat turned bottom-up

Fishing-boats on the beach of Holy Island. Lindisfarne Castle, which was restored under the direction of the late Sir Edwin L. Lutyens, is seen in the centre of the picture

An exhibit displayed by the Yorkshire Community Council (collaborating with the Rural Industries Bureau) at a pre-war agricultural show; the articles, ranging from farm rakes and trug baskets to hand-woven scarves, were made by county craftsmen and craftswomen.

The old village pottery at Littlethorpe, Ripon, carries on, producing plant pots, bread crocks and other domestic articles from clay found on the site. An interesting link with the making of clay-lined baskets—among the first-known pottery of the human race.

An ancient craft, producing modern ware in the form of fresco tiles and painted bowls, at the Bramham (West Yorkshire) Pottery.

A " potato-pad " being made near Stowmarket, Suffolk, from osiers cut down locally in winter by sickle.

A " gipsy fortune-teller " being completed by a York craftswoman, who makes a great variety of " wee folk " in soft leather, for the delight of children everywhere.

FOR centuries Britain has been the home of a wide variety of handicrafts. One might have thought that the industrial revolution and the standardisation processes which followed would have banished those crafts. There was an enormous " breakaway," of course, but a surprising number of handicrafts continued. A tradition dies hard; your skilled craftsman or craftswoman will often face change stoically for a generation or two without surrender. And then—to keep the crafts alive—there are, fortunately, always a few who enjoy possessing the hand-made article with its individual appeal.

Again, total war might have been expected to crush whatever survived of individual craftsmanship. It was in 1916, however, that at the suggestion of a far-sighted Government, the Rural Industries Bureau was formed, with the idea of encouraging the continuance or the revival of threatened handicrafts.

Take the old craft of quilting. Hand-made quilts were all the rage during the seventeenth century. My Lady would have a fine display of them, with designs built up from such simple *motifs* as the feather, shell, scroll, Tudor rose and,

Refugees from Flanders and France, 200 to 300 years ago, gave to England the art of pillow-lace making, which is still practised in Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire.

A legendary episode—" the broken bowl "—from the life of St. Benedict, provides the design of this lovely church bench-end fashioned in oak by one of the wood-carvers of Kilburn, North Yorkshire.

CRAFTSMANSHIP IS STILL ALIVE

Some Handicrafts of England

BY G. BERNARD WOOD

One of the few remaining violin-makers of England carrying on a tradition which began with the troubadours. To ensure a good instrument, the maker has to be musician as well as craftsman.

William Outhwaite, a Wensleydale rope-maker, who makes anything from a cow-halter to a domestic linen-line on his primitive-looking but effective apparatus.

Young trainees at Barnard Castle, Co. Durham, making a cot quilt in silk, whose design is a direct inheritance from Tudor days. H.M. the Queen recently bought some of these Durham quilts.

occasionally, the crown. Three hundred years later—about 1932, to be precise—it was discovered that the forgotten craft had somehow survived; hand-made quilts incorporating the traditional designs were being fashioned by miners' wives in Co. Durham! Lady Cuthbert Headlam, of Durham City, began to take an interest in these workers; the Rural Industries Bureau soon " took up the scent " here, and in Wales, and in three years effected the sale of over £10,000-worth of these lovely products of the " depressed areas."

The war has, of course, proved another set-back for the craft worker, but efforts are being made to reinstate the traditional crafts, now officially recognised as an integral part of our rural economy.

At the close of the last war a fascinating community grew up at Kilburn, North Yorkshire. Robert Thompson, the local joiner, took boys as they left the village school and trained them as wood-carvers. To-day, that little community—in some ways reminiscent of a mediæval craft-guild—is responsible for the glorious hand-made furniture to be found in some of our cathedrals, colleges and country houses.

A portrait of a king of birds—the Golden Eagle

A Golden Eagle with its protective eye-covering

Another view of a Golden Eagle, showing its powerful beak

(Photographs by Harold K. Whitford)

King of the Birds

Eagles Are The Majestic Birds Of The World

By Frank W. Lane

THERE are no more majestic birds in the world than eagles. With a wing-spread, in the largest species, of ten feet and a weight of fifteen pounds, they rank among the largest of birds, while their strength and powers of flight are proverbial.

The most famous of British eagles is the golden eagle, now confined almost entirely to the Highlands of Scotland —fit background for such a splendid bird. It has a thick-set, three-foot-long body, broad, powerful wings, and very strong yellow talons which span seven inches. One squeeze can crush the life out of a large raven. The plumage is dark brown with a yellowish tinge on the head which gives the bird its name.

A rabbit catcher was going round his snares one day when he found a new one broken. Looking up he saw a golden eagle feasting off a hare. On going up to the hare the man found the loop of his trap round its neck. This explained the broken trap: the eagle, in full flight, had swept up the hare from the ground and snapped the snare wire, whose tensile strength is very high, at the same time.

Golden eagles have even been known to straighten out the steel hook which is sometimes used to attach the chain to a trap. Such a hook is so strong that a powerful man could not perform the same feat with his bare hands.

An inhabitant of Skye has recorded that he once came across a golden eagle with an eight-pound trap hanging from one of its talons. The trap was not one which was in use locally. The eagle must have been trapped in another locality which, at the least, was distant, a good twelve miles across the sea. Think of it! That eagle, numb with pain, with the great dragging weight of the heavy trap on its foot, had yet made an oversea flight of at least twelve miles.

Such an incident gives point to the perennial controversy "Can an eagle carry off a human baby?" After studying the evidence, my own view is that some eagles are capable of the feat, but it very rarely happens. Some of the reports which have appeared in the press at various times have, when investigated, been proved to be without foundation, but nevertheless I think there are a few genuine cases where eagles have seized and carried off babies.

A correspondent wrote to me after reading my remarks on this subject in my book *Nature Parade* and gave evidence of how a young girl in Ireland was carried across the Kenmare River by a golden eagle and dropped on the other side. When she grew up she had a distinct limp as a result of her experience. The same correspondent also pointed out that the crest of the Stanleys is an eagle and child. Such a crest was adopted because the baby, who later became the father of John Stanley, was said to have been rescued from an eyrie to which it had been taken, swaddled in a red mantle, by a golden eagle.

Perhaps the most extraordinary example of the great carrying powers of an eagle is contained in the following account of an incident which was witnessed in Canada. Two observers noticed an eagle flying at a considerable height. As they watched it the bird began to descend. As it came nearer, it was noticed that it carried in its talons a fairly large animal. The watchers shouted at the bird, and the noise made it drop its burden. This proved to be a fawn of a mule deer and weighed nearly fifteen pounds.

Eagles vary in their attitude to man, but some of them appear to be utterly fearless. Some years ago Texas farmers banded together to shoot eagles which were molesting lambs. Aeroplanes were chartered and the eagles were shot down in the air. One of them actually turning on its attackers, tried to "kill" the aeroplane.

One of the most powerful eagles is the wedge-tailed eagle of Australia
The above is a young specimen

This is by no means the only instance where an eagle has attacked an aeroplane. During the Italo-Abyssinian war an eagle "dive-bombed" a Fiat fighter plane and, although the pilot fired his machine gun at it, the eagle crashed on to the plane (like a Jap suicide pilot!) and succeeded in bringing it to earth. In India two eagles similarly dived on to an aeroplane and one of them tore a great hole in the wing. Here again the plane crashed.

Occasionally nose-diving pilots have been able to time the stoop of an eagle. Speedometer readings have proved that speeds in the region of 200 m.p.h. are sometimes reached by these great birds, and there is evidence that, at times, even higher speeds are attained. Eagles have few, if any, natural (*Continued on page* 54)

The Old Order

LIEUT.-COM. Gerald Instone, Royal Navy, had never been very interested in aeroplanes. Throughout his fifteen odd years of Service life he had regarded flying men in general and the Fleet Air Arm in particular as somewhat eccentric and occasionally rather annoying people, who were never on any account to be taken seriously. Consequently he was extremely angry, and a little bitter when towards the end of the first year of the war Their Lordships relieved him of his command of a destroyer and appointed him First Lieutenant of a Royal Naval Air Station for an unspecified period, officially described as "a rest."

He went up to London and protested loud and long to the Appointments section at the Admiralty, only to be met with friendly and slightly patronizing smiles and the brief explanation that "it was time he had a change anyway—do you good, old boy—see how the other half lives."

He arrived at the aerodrome three days later, grimly determined to get back to sea as soon as possible. At the station he was met by a lorry already filled with young sub-lieutenants who chattered incessantly, until they arrived at the mess, of such things as boost, stall-turns, and a mysterious ailment known as "twitch." He maintained an aloof silence, preferring boredom to a confession of complete ignorance of their conversation. At the door of the mess one of the sub-lieutenants asked him whether he was joining the station, and on being told that he had been appointed first lieutenant, seemed to lose interest altogether and wandered away back to his friends. Later, as he sat alone in his cabin, staring at a framed photograph of his last ship, he began to wonder what was wrong. He had been popular in that ship, had been liked and respected by every one from his Number One down to the most junior ordinary seaman.

Perhaps he was exaggerating things a little. Every new job was apt to be a bit sticky at first until you got to know people. There was nothing very different about this one. He got up quickly and walked back to the mess. There was a sing-song going on. He tried to join in, but found that he knew none of the songs. They were all about flying and he knew nothing about flying. A few people came over and talked to him and one bought him a drink. But as each new song started, they began to sing with the others, and he found himself alone again. Presently he finished his beer and walked slowly back to his cabin. As he lay in bed he could still hear bursts of song drifting over from the mess. He shut his eyes and tried to sleep.

SUB-LIEUT. Peter Cross had wanted to fly ever since he could remember. For the best part of fifteen years he had lived for the moment when he should make his first solo, impatient of all delays, angry that he had to wait so long. Now with that moment long past, flying was still the be-all and end-all of his life. It was natural that he should have been a fighter pilot, because that is the most individual form of war flying, and Peter was essentially an individualist. He had joined the Fleet Air Arm instead of the R.A.F. simply because his father had been in the Navy. His father had hoped that Peter would follow in his footsteps and specialize in gunnery, but being a wise man, he had not protested at his choice. Secretly, he was rather glad; even more secretly, and never in the presence of others, he occasionally admitted that whereas guns had been the main offensive weapon of the Navy in his time, it was quite possible that the Fleet Air Arm fulfilled the same role in his son's.

Peter was always irritable when the weather was bad. It usually meant a series of lectures instead of flying, and he hated lectures. At least, he didn't mind the ones directly concerned with flying, but there were some which had nothing to do with it, and those he abhorred, regarding them as a waste of time and a "bind." This morning, for instance, there was one on "ship handling," to be given according to the hastily pencilled notice in the crew room, by the first lieutenant of the station. Walking over to the lecture room, Peter chewed angrily at his pipe and glowered up at the leaden sky. "Ship handling," he muttered, "who in the hell wants to know how to push a ruddy boat about—I thought we were pilots!"

Peter did not listen to the lecture. His mind was busy with an abstruse problem of deflection shooting and he was drawing complicated patterns on a scrap of paper in front of him. The even hum of the first lieutenant's voice provided an unheeded background to his thoughts. After a while he took his pipe out of his pocket, filled it and struck a match. He drew on it deeply and turned to look out of the window. It was still raining and the cloud base appeared to be about 200 feet. Gloomily, he returned to his bit of paper and his calculations.

"What's your name—you at the back there?"

Peter hardly heard the words. He was bent forward over the paper, and clouds of smoke wreathed themselves gently round his head.

"You—what's your name?"

Peter looked up in surprise. The different tone of voice had attracted his attention, jerking him away from his problem.

The lecturer was staring at him, and he looked very angry. "Me, sir?" said Peter. There was no answer, but the look on the other man's face left no room for doubt as to whom he was addressing.

"Cross, sir," said Peter.

"Why are you smoking?" The words shot out one after the other like bullets from a gun.

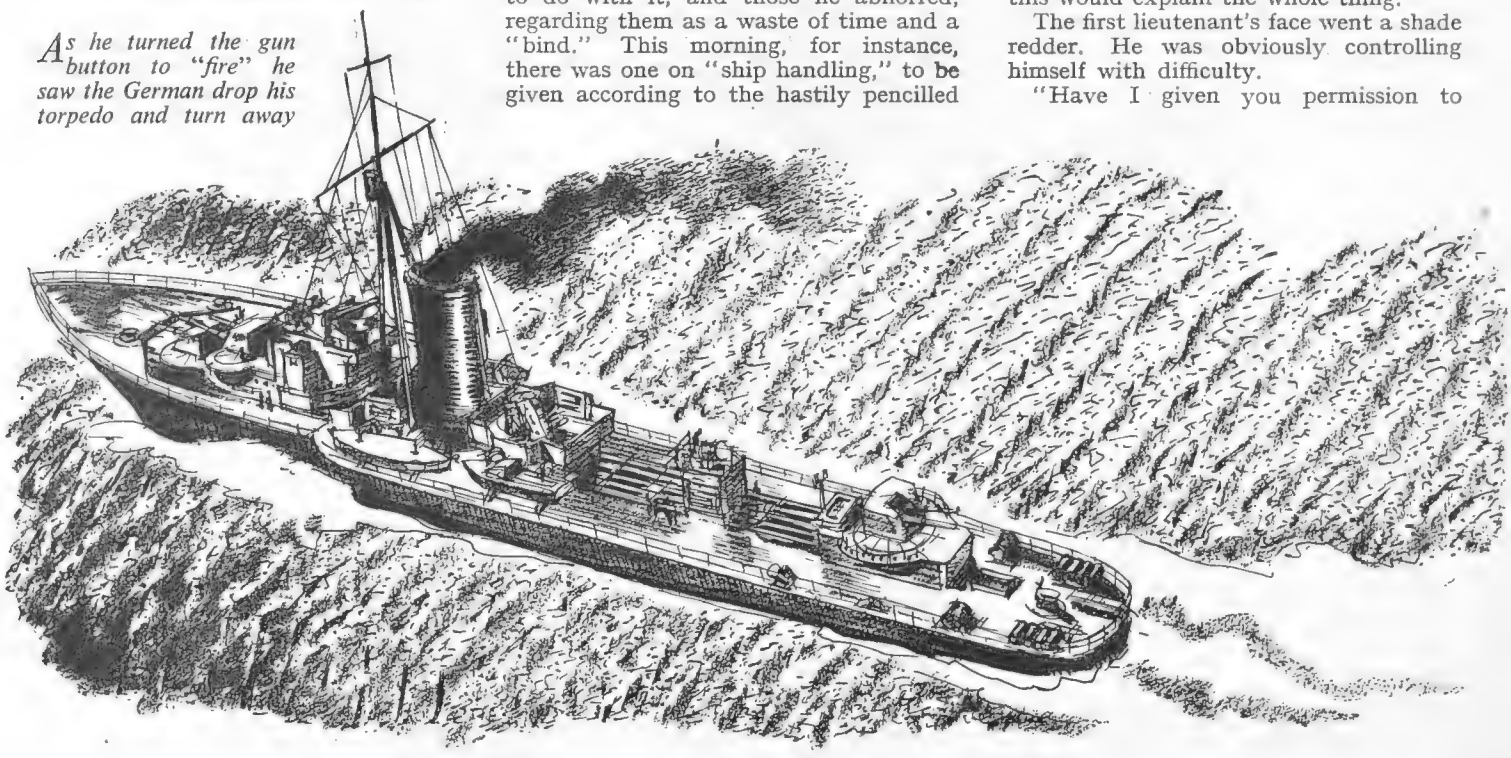
Peter considered the problem. In actual fact he was rather surprised that he was smoking. He had lit his pipe without really being conscious of having done so. He had lit it he supposed, because it helped him to think.

"Er—I don't know, sir," he said lamely. "I smoke a lot," he added, as if this would explain the whole thing.

The first lieutenant's face went a shade redder. He was obviously controlling himself with difficulty.

"Have I given you permission to

As he turned the gun button to "fire" he saw the German drop his torpedo and turn away



Changeth . . .

Ship Handling Seemed Too Dull For a Fleet Air Arm Pilot To Take Much Interest In

by Edward Cranston

smoke?" he asked. Peter had not the remotest idea whether he had or not, but the answer seemed obvious.

"No sir."

"Then why are you smoking?"

The other pilots were all watching him now, most of them—particularly those who had been on the point of lighting a cigarette themselves—with malicious joy.

"We usually smoke during lectures, sir." Peter was unprepared for the effect this remark would produce. He really thought the first lieutenant was going to burst.

"I don't care what you usually do, young man, and what is more, I don't like the tone of your voice. Report to me at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll have you before the Commander!"

The lecture proceeded in an atmosphere of restrained fury.

Lieutenant-Commander Instone gathered up his notes and looked at the pilots sitting in front of him.

"I hope you've learnt something," he said, "though I rather doubt it." As he walked past the windows of the lecture room he heard a voice—young Cross's voice—saying: "That's one of the old dead beats who will probably lose the war for us!" He stopped dead for a moment as if he had been struck, and then walked on more slowly. Of course, he had had the hell of a liver all day, probably something to do with the weather. He wondered if he had gone too far about that ridiculous smoking business. Too late to worry now, anyway. But he wished he hadn't heard that last remark through the window. The boy had been angry, he knew that, but nevertheless his words had hurt him. He was surprised at just how much they had hurt. I must get another job, he thought, get back to sea. I'm no good here—never shall be—I must get another destroyer. . . .

THE sun had almost set and the weather over the convoy was cold and clear and cheerless. Lieutenant Peter

Cross, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., sat in the cockpit of his Seafire and thought: If they are coming at all, they'll come in the next ten minutes, and they'll come out of the dark sector. He banked to the left and looked down at the line of ships.

Nice target, he thought, sitting birds except for us.

The bulky merchant ships forced slowly through the still grey water, sedate and proud, hardly a ripple showing at bow or stern. All round them the lean, tough-looking destroyers zig-zagged unceasingly in perfect formation, their guns cocked skywards.

Very nice, thought Peter, very nice indeed, and here are we—the extra little something that makes all the difference.

"Bandits nine o'clock—on the deck!"

Peter banked sharply, instinctively, as he heard the warning cry from his leader over the R/T. There they were. He could see them now, right low down on the water, about ten of them, heading straight for the convoy. He opened his throttle and pushed the stick forward. The torpedo bombers broke formation as he did so and began to fan out. He picked out the nearest, roared down at him in a swinging dive, coming in on his quarter. It was all over in a matter of seconds. The tearing, rushing swoop to the attack; the bomber getting larger and larger as he neared it; a sudden glimpse of a gunner, white faced and tense, staring at him and then the port engine in the middle of his sights and his thumb on the firing button, and the streams of tracer as his guns fired. He turned sharply to avoid collision, almost blacking out, and there was the bomber again, with flames streaming from its engine and trying to climb, but not climbing. He dived again, but pulled up sharply as his target staggered and lurched away to the right and then fell like a stone into the sea.

He went on climbing to gain height for the next attack and looked around him. One of the merchant ships had been hit, and was lying stopped astern of the convoy, listing heavily to port. A destroyer was circling her, her guns blazing viciously. Out of the corner of his eye he saw another torpedo bomber coming up astern, obviously making for the wounded ship. He'd be too late to get him before he dropped his "fish," but at least he'd see that he didn't get home to boast about it. Ahead of him he could see the two ships and the aircraft streaking towards them, barely a hundred feet above the water. His throttle was wide open, but he knew he couldn't make it in time. As he turned the gun button to "fire" he saw the German drop his torpedo and turn away. He could see the feathery track of the "fish" quite plainly but it was not travelling towards the merchant ship; it was making straight for the destroyer. For a fraction of a second Peter forgot his own battle as he watched the little drama below him. He held his breath as the row of bubbles leapt towards the destroyer, thought it must strike, must be a direct hit, which would finish her off completely, saw the destroyer heel over suddenly and turn with a speed which seemed miraculous, saw the torpedo shoot under her stern not more than ten yards away, saw the ship right herself again and the tiny figures leaning over the side of her bridge as he flashed overhead.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

The enemy was about half a mile ahead of him now and trying to gain height. He laughed into his R/T mask. This was it! This was what he had always longed for. He pulled the stick back a little and kept above his target. He could see the tracer from its rear guns reaching out at him, clawing at him like angry red fingers. He smiled grimly and held his fire. The tracer was all round him, but still he went on closing in. He could see the guns spitting fire at him; see the pilot looking over his shoulder and the black swastika gleaming on the tail.

"Here it is, you Hun!" he shouted.

He was back over the stricken merchant ship and the destroyer when his engine began to falter. He looked anxiously at his fuel gauge. The needle hovered round the zero mark. That second Hun must have holed his tank. Well, there was nothing else for it, he'd just have to put her down in the sea and hope for the best. No time to gain enough height to jump.

He put the nose down and let her glide. He'd set her down as near that destroyer as possible and hope they weren't all blind. The sea was coming up towards him, smooth, grey, impersonal. The cold evening air rushed past his face through the open hood of the cockpit. His hands on the control column were sticky with cold sweat. He eased back the stick when he was a few feet above the water and felt her sink. With his left hand he groped for the release pin of the straps holding him into the (*Continued on page* 68)

"Just ship handling," said Gerald Instone, "a dull subject as you know, but a useful one at times"

Every one is, or appears to be, invariably in a hurry

TOWN or COUNTRY LIFE . . .

Which Would You Choose?

By Wilma Buckley

UNLIKE those writers who stay in a strange land for a few months and then produce a falsely authoritative book all about it, I can claim to be qualified by genuine experience to discuss this subject; I have lived in both town and country (but not simultaneously) for long stretches of time, under varying conditions. It is as well to make this clear beforehand.

Assuming that circumstances make a choice possible, or that one has the courage and verve to arrange one's work and life on mobile lines, there is no doubt about it that a home in the country has slightly more to be said on its behalf than one in town. Or should one say that the advantages, on the whole, fully outweigh the disadvantages?

As one who went through a phase of seemingly incurable urbanmindedness, for a number of years, I shall consider the pros and cons of town life first. By town, I mean London.

In London, one can be as much "on one's own" as one chooses, turning a deaf ear to the telephone, to the ring at the door. It is possible, should one be thoroughly anti-social, to shut oneself up for days on end, to restrict one's contacts with humanity to a few brief encounters with tradesmen during the diurnal quest for provisions; neighbours in blocks of flats, in adjoining houses, remaining invisible or nameless or both, sometimes for years on end.

Unquestionably, in town the "ivory tower" way of living can reach its apotheosis.

The gregarious, on the other hand, are able to fill their homes with an unceasing flow of acquaintances, or help to swell the stream of habitués in some other extrovert's chosen haunt . . . there is always somebody to be reached on the telephone, somewhere where "open house" is kept, rations notwithstanding; clubs, pubs, bars, hotels, restaurants to frequent. For those who have no resources in themselves, there is no need for a moment's loneliness.

The wet day, the gloomy day, can be attenuated by a concert, the cinema, the theatre; there are museums and galleries, exhibitions and art collections to be visited. Idle hours or holiday hours can be pleasantly filled by a stroll to the library, to change one's books; by a look round a sale-room; by window-shopping; by exploration of little known by-ways (how glad I shall always be that I wandered once through every inch of eighteenth-century Mayfair; that I examined the curious, forgotten courts and alleys in the purlieus of St. James's Street and off the Strand!); by walks in the Park; by observation of human beings and buildings of all kinds and types.

The debit side of this urbane existence includes a very catalogue of disagreeables: never ending noise, be it only the confused, distant sound of traffic; the nervous tension that electrically permeates a town as large, as over-populated as London; the lack of any sense of peaceful leisure (every one is, or appears to be, invariably in a hurry); the disruption and delay caused by shortage of staff, on telephones, in shops and offices, in post offices; the time-wasting, temper-trying, torment of food hunting; the scarifying ordeal of a journey by bus or tube; the soot-laden atmosphere, making a never-ceasing drudgery of housework; the heat of the pavements on a torrid day, their miserable discomfort on a wet one; the fogs; the expense . . . this above all, the expense!

Now, in the country one has fewer neighbours but greater neighbourliness. It is astonishing how warmly the villagers unfold their personalities; how interested they prove to be in one's concerns and household; how expectant of a like interest from the newcomer in respect of themselves. Village neighbours are willing, even anxious to help . . . with service, with counsel, with local knowledge.

The poker-faced silence with which Londoners pass each other in the street, in which they travel together, is replaced in the country by friendly greetings on all sides. Conversation, politeness and a general amiability are, (*Continued on page* 66)

In the country one has fewer neighbours but greater neighbourliness

HIS Excellency faced the journalist. "If you insist on publishing these facts you may jeopardize relations between our countries," he said.

H. E. the Ambassador referred to his confidential report on the Air Transport Development Commission in which he had accused some of the delegates of colouring their statements to benefit private commercial enterprises. The report had been sent to London in the usual diplomatic bag, and how Kim Black of the *News* had managed to learn its contents was beyond the Ambassador. Apart from the fact that he himself would be suspected of divulging official secrets to the Press, apart from the grave personal implications, he did not exaggerate when he told Black that his revelations would upset the diplomatic applecart.

"If I learn the facts, I must give them," Kim Black answered.

"Even if it harms?"

"The truth harms no one."

"Ah, there you are wrong, Black. There are times when it's advisable to keep silent. I know from experience."

Kim Black, newspaperman, regarded the stooping, kindly Hugh Day with an amused expression. If the Ambassador had not been so unassuming, almost humble, he would have answered more aggressively. But His Excellency disarmed him. There was so little that was Machiavellian about him that Kim wondered for a moment if perhaps the old man weren't right in his secret insinuations against the Commission. But Kim wondered only for a moment. He was as sincere about his work as the Ambassador was about his. To Kim there was no more urgen task in the war-torn, deluded world than to find and print the truth. If Sir Hugh chose to present a kindly countenance to the world while he covertly planned to discredit his, Black's countrymen, then it was up to someone to point out what a hypocrite he was. To Kim Black it was unthinkable that the confidential report should not be published.

"I'm afraid diplomacy and newspaper work are irreconcilable, Your Excellency." The newspaperman's voice was even but not unfriendly. "I suppose it's up to the public to decide which they want, sir. In this country the public insist on the hard facts—and they get them. I believe our public is right and that is why I allow nothing, no sentiment, no scruples, to prevent me printing what I know to be the truth.

WHEN Kim Black left His Excellency, Sir Hugh Day filled his pipe and thought about him. He had been surprised to find in this famous, and some said, scurrilous columnist a man who appeared to be sincere. Black was obviously not publishing the unfortunate report for sensation, but because he believed it was his duty. This unexpected honesty made it all the more difficult for Hugh Day to dissuade the man from printing his scoop. The Ambassador shook his head: he had always lost this battle between officialdom and the Press. He had hoped that by a personal appeal and by an explanation—after all it was very important to keep good relations between Black's country and his own—he would have won the columnist round to his point of view.

Ah well, it was time he retired. He was uneasy in this world of changing values. Kim Black was honest in his way, yet how could he explain that there were larger issues at stake than those of individual scrupulousness. Sir Hugh Day knew that he would be blamed for the leakage, and after his recent failures, Black's disclosures would finally undermine his position. He would be retired. Sir Hugh smiled. Let's admit it, he told himself softly, I will be fired. Not immediately of course, and he would probably be given a peerage to soften the blow. Whatever happened no one would be deceived. Kim Black's disclosures would be his downfall.

KIM BLACK looked at the fairness of his only daughter, Kathleen, and wondered how so plain a man as he had sired such a beauty.

"Don't goop at me," Kathleen's voice broke into his thoughts. "But tell me, can I have the money?"

"For the third time—No!"

"But I must buy a new dress. I won't wear rags for my one big dance of the year. Why shouldn't I have my new dress? You make plenty of money."

"Don't let's go into that again. You are very extravagant, Katie, and you must learn the value of money. Possessing money does not justify spending it thoughtlessly."

"Well, I'm going to have a new dress. You always told me you can get anything if you want it badly enough and go all out to

Sentiment, Please

Kim Was A Star Reporter, And He Never Allowed Personal Considerations To Interfere In His Professional Life

By Cecilie Leslie

get it. I want a dress, and I'm going to get one."

Kim looked at the loveliness of Kathleen and tried to ignore the ugliness of her words. Had he really implanted such a selfish outlook in her, or was this a fit of temper which she would afterwards regret? He was not prepared to lecture a daughter of eighteen. He kept a stubborn silence, returning to the work she had disturbed.

Kathleen stood at his elbow watching him type, her father's sullen look reflected in her own sulky expression.

She knew, however, that sulking would get her nowhere with Kim, so after a moment she added in a softer tone: "You made the front page again to-day. Where do you get the dope? You must have some good pipe lines to the Embassy."

Kim was not unaware of the wheedling tone, and despite himself, melted a little. Poor little kid. If she really wanted a dress so badly, perhaps he could, just this once . . . ? But he held back. This scene had been enacted many times already, and Kathleen had always had her way. There must be a limit to her domination.

"Can't help feeling sorry for the old Ambassador, all the same. He'll cop it, won't he? Specially when you say you saw him and he begged you not to give the show away. Still, that's your job, isn't it, dad. No good being soft if you're a newspaperman."

"Ah—huh," Kim grunted, not looking up from his typing.

Kathleen ruffled his hair: "I don't mind you being tough, provided you keep it for the rest of the world. Don't start taking it out on me. See?"

She kissed the top of his head and left the room.

When the girl had gone Kim stopped typing and absent-mindedly scribbled on his pad. Was he hard? Surely not in his private life, and certainly not hard enough with young Katie. He tried to free his mind of doubts. It didn't do to question a lifetime's ethics at fifty. Yet Kathleen's casual sympathy for the old Ambassador troubled him. After a moment Kim dismissed his conscience, reassuring himself that Hugh Day was a cynic and did not expect too much of his fellow-men.

MISS MILDRED MELLOR, the Principal of the College Kathleen attended, telephoned Kim Black late that evening. Kathleen had been studying for her degree for the past year, and Miss Mellor had met Kim on one or two occasions. She sounded worried, but though Kim asked her what was wrong she refused to discuss anything on the phone.

"Would you mind coming round to my house? I think it advisable to see you before the newspapers get hold of it."

"Hold of what?" But she would say no more. Before going to the College Kim rang up the *News* to discover what was in the air. Apart from the College annual dance, he was told, there was nothing of interest.

Miss Mellor met him at the door of her small house in the College grounds, and took him into her private study before she would speak. With a preoccupied air she opened a wall-cupboard and poured him out a glass of sherry. Watching her, Kim wondered what troubled her so much that she lifted her glass with trembling fingers.

"It's Kathleen," she spoke suddenly and with such intense impatience that Kim stared at her uncomprehendingly.

"I'm afraid the child is in trouble. Most extraordinary! I never thought"—she looked at him inquiringly, as if to find the answer to her problem in his eyes—"I never thought she would do such a thing. After all, she comes from a good home."

Kim turned the stem of his glass and waited.

"I suppose she wanted the clothes for this evening's dance. But she shouldn't have—she shouldn't have stolen them."

It was out at last, and Miss Mellor looked at him in silence. Without waiting for him to speak she told him breathlessly what had happened.

"Kathleen shoplifted stockings and a handbag from Grayson and Allen's, and a dress from a place called Sybil. I can't think why the shop assistants didn't catch her. Probably because she speaks so well and looks such a smart, nice girl.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

KIM looked at the loveliness of his daughter Kathleen and tried to ignore the ugliness of her words

But there's no doubt of it, Mr. Black. Kathleen meant to steal these things and she has admitted it to the detectives."

"Detectives?"

"They came here about an hour ago and the child is under arrest. They brought one of Grayson and Allen's girls with them who identified Kathleen in the ballroom. What is more, she was wearing the dress, stockings, and carrying the handbag. It's all so humiliating for the College. They tried to be discreet, make the arrest without fuss, but these things can't be done without every one knowing it."

Kim put down his glass while he stared unseeingly at a bowl of flowers standing on a table near Miss Mellor. Her glance rested on his bent head, and she was struck by the forlornness of his attitude.

"Where is she now?" was all he asked.

"At the police station, I think. But that's not the worst news, Mr. Black. I'm afraid the Press will be coming here. Oh dear me, this is so bad for the College. Since I telephoned you three papers have called me. What should I have said to them? I just hung up. Nothing of this kind has ever happened here before."

Miss Mellor pulled herself up and continued apologetically. "I'm afraid you must think me very selfish thinking of the College. But I am genuinely more troubled for your sake, and Kathleen's, please believe that. I can only think that the best way out for all of us is to try and hush up the whole business. Whatever happens you and I must put our heads together and stop the news getting out. If it does it will be bad for the College and it will finish Kathleen in this town. You must agree, Mr. Black, whatever else happens, there must be no publicity!"

For a moment the newspaperman's gaze shifted from the flowers to the fire of pinewood, yet he really saw neither. His mind was drumming with the words of his recent interview with Hugh Day. He had not faltered then in what he considered to be his duty; he would not hesitate now when his own interests were at stake.

"If Kathleen really has done this, and if the papers want to print the facts, then there's nothing I can do about it."

Miss Mellor turned on him angrily.

"How can you say that? You must use all your influence to silence the Press. The reporters are probably all known to you. You must beg them to protect Kathleen's future."

Kim continued to look down, avoiding her eyes. How could he explain what he felt about this, particularly with Hugh Day's humiliation fresh in his mind.

"I'm going to ask you to wait there and meet the Press. I feel sure if you were to speak to them personally . . ."

Miss Mellor trailed off, her hand fluttering in nervous unfinished gestures.

"So bad for the College," she repeated, "and your girl on the threshold of her career. What made her do it? I think it was more a gesture of defiance than deliberate dishonesty. She needs a mother's care. Forgive me, Mr. Black. I hardly know what I'm saying."

She stood looking at him, waiting for his answer. When it came his words were hardly audible.

"I'll speak to the boys, if you like, but I can't alter my convictions."

Miss Mellor ignored the latter part of his sentence, answering him hurriedly as if she feared he would change his mind.

"I knew you would. Thank you, Mr. Black. Now I know the whole miserable affair will subside and no one be much the worse for it."

KIM'S friends gathered round him in the Principal's study where Miss Mellor stood slightly apart, nervously re-arranging flowers on a table beside her.

"Gentlemen," she started hesitatingly, looking into the inscrutable eyes, the weary-looking faces, "Gentlemen, I want to appeal to you on behalf of a girl who is still a minor, and who should therefore not be judged as a grown person. No one likes to think that a child may suffer for the rest of her adult life for something indiscreet committed in her adolescence. Now I think I had better let Kathleen Black's father tell you what happened. As his friends, I am sure you will each do your best to protect one who is most near and dear to him."

When she left the room the men relaxed, stretching their legs and loosening their coats. There was still an atmosphere of constraint however, and none of them took the sherry Kim offered. He himself poured out a glass, gulped down the mild wine and started to speak in a casual, off-hand way as if the matter did not concern him.

"I don't want you to think I'm in agreement with Miss Mellor. She couldn't have said anything else. I don't want you to consider me for a moment. No sentiment, please. Go ahead and file the story. I can't and won't ask you to hold the facts for my sake, or my kid's. You couldn't do so, even if you wanted to, so what's the use? I've never let personal considerations interfere in my professional life, and I'm not going to start now. If there's anything you want to know—fire away."

Kim's matter-of-fact manner had taken no one in. For all the antagonism and rivalry that normally existed between the newspapermen there was nothing but sympathy for him now. Not one chose to ask the questions he invited so Kim continued in the same lifeless voice.

"My girl's full name is Kathleen Mary Black and she is eighteen. You can quote me, if you like. I think she stole these clothes because I refused to give her (*Continued on page* 66)

MISS MELLOR met him at the door of her small house in the College grounds, and took him into her private study before she would speak

In Rut and Out

by Jane Gordon

There are obviously no fruits of victory for us, so we can but hope that Victory is its own reward. Nice people will, of course, be comforted by the news that America is doing away with most of their controls, and that our American cousins are now about to live on the fat of the land.

It is, however, slightly irritating for us to be told so often about the attractive qualities of the German women. Frankly, I am tired of seeing pictures of them dressed in fully-fashioned silk stockings, the latest fashions and attractive hair-do's, while we are being told that our few coupons have got to stretch many more months. It sickens me to read about healthy German women and children when I know full well that our own overworked, underfed hospital mothers have got to struggle on cut rations to keep themselves and their skinny little children as healthy as possible during the coming winter.

Fuel will be even scarcer than it was during the past war years. We know we have got to face a hard winter, but the facing it becomes all the more bitter when we are continually told how well everyone else, including our enemies, is faring.

THERE are two beauty problems which cause women untold misery. One is superfluous hair and the other is a red nose.

Nothing embarrasses a woman more than to feel that her nose is turning into a "flaming torch," and the more self-conscious she feels, the redder her nose becomes. She will pin her faith on heavy foundation creams, thick powder and cooling lotions, but she probably has not the slightest idea what is causing the trouble, or how it should be treated.

The proper name for this condition is rosacea, and usually it comes on gradually. To begin with, the face will feel hot at certain times of the day, particularly after meals. Then tiny thread veins appear. In bad cases, the skin is not only shiny and veined, but there are little lumps which may even break out into spots. The nose may not only be red, but also slightly swollen. Blackheads are conspicuous by their absence. The flushing and veiny condition will be increased by any pressure, so if spectacles are worn, they should have very light rims. A change of temperature, hot fires, central heating and cooking, will cause the redness to increase.

I have known a number of young women who have been troubled by a veiny complexion or a red nose, but as a general rule rosacea is a beauty problem which has to be faced by older women. More often than not it is caused by indigestion, and the indigestion will be increased by too much tea-drinking—in fact, by any stimulants in either the food or drink line. So if you notice that your complexion is becoming veined or your nose unduly pink, the first person to consult is not a beauty specialist, but your doctor, and when he has helped you to set your digestion right by the mildest kind of eating and drinking, then you will find that the correct cosmetics will have the looked-for results.

Avoid soap and water, use the lightest type of cleansing cream or cleansing milk you can find, wash with lukewarm water only. You may find that the liquid calamine type of powder foundation suits you, or you may prefer a tinted cream foundation. Avoid the temptation of very heavy powders, and you will find the pink powders rather more becoming than the rachel shades.

Avoid lipsticks with a magenta or orange undertone and choose any shade from pale to deep rose. The woman with a florid skin needs to be as light-fingered as possible with her make-up. If and when you can get them, these are the preparations I would recommend: Elizabeth Arden's or other cleansing creams that leave the skin feeling soft and smooth. Anne French has a particularly nice cleansing milk to use in place of complexion soap. As a summer powder foundation, Crookes' Lacto Calamine is both becoming and cooling. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia creams are excellent, all-the-year-round creams, and Arden's Rose Mist powder would be an excellent choice.

EVEN the most hidebound medical men realise that an unnatural growth of superfluous hair can, and frequently does, blight a woman's life. And although they have no sure and certain cure, they will at least treat the complaint sympathetically. Women have become so self-conscious about superfluous hair that it is now the fashion to treat even the lightest down as an unsightly growth which must be permanently destroyed at all costs.

Unless you actually saw the letters, you would never believe the number of silly questions that women ask when they are writing for information about depilatories. They ask for depilatories which will remove not only superfluous hair on the upper lip and chin, but which they can apply to the whole of their face. They wish for a safe, sure, painless, sound and permanent depilatory which will remove every trace of hair and down from their entire body. They demand a permanent cure with one application, and many women appear to be as anxious to get rid of the soft, colourless, downy hairs as they are to remove the strong-coloured hairs which are apt to disfigure the upper lip and chin. It would be just as stupid to try and remove the downy hairs as it would be to try and skin yourself alive, because every inch of your body, except the palms of your hands and the soles of your feet, is covered with downy hair from the moment you are born. This down is as much a part of your skin as the tiny sweat-glands.

Depilatories are intended for the coarse hairs only. There are only a certain number of depilatories, and none of them can claim perfection. You can rid yourself of superfluous hair in any of the following ways:

1. You can cut it off by using a pair of scissors or a razor.

2. You can rub it off by using a specially-treated pumice-stone or a depilatory "mitt." Before the war there was an excellent stone called "Wonder Stone" (*Continued on page 67*)

FIREPLACE

The Englishman's fireside, being traditionally such a centre of importance in the scheme of things, has every claim to a goodly share of interest when decorative schemes are considered.

The fireplace, for the most part of the year, is the focal point in the average sitting-room. Comfort is the first essential, of course, but when this unites with beauty in the colouring and arrangement of those appointments which add their appeal to warmth, the result is, or should be, irresistible.

Here is a small picture-gallery of fireside arrangements, both in the tradition of the past and in the more functional style of the present.

In every instance, the fireplace—whether it is in itself an elaborate structure, as in the case of some of the traditional examples photographed, or merely a utilitarian object as in other more recent kinds—has been made the nucleus of a decorative scheme within the general plan of the room.

In the modern examples, extreme simplicity of treatment has acquired importance through the clever uses of colour with ornaments and pictures, each in themselves compelling to the eye.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

1. This beautiful example of an eighteenth-century fireplace has been kept intact, and a collection of fine glass of the period arranged on the floodlit mantelshelf.

2. A simple stone fireplace of a very early character is exquisitely framed by the delicate and beautiful objects which surround it.

3. An eighteenth-century carved pine chimney-piece surmounted by an exquisite flower painting by Monnoyer. Architect, Eric Francis, F.R.I.B.A.

4. A simple bedroom radiator with a mirror-glass surround assumes importance with its flanking shelves and delicate Dresden ornaments, backed by a strip of mirror glass.

5. The wall cabinet which dominates the modern stone fireplace in this drawing-room is electrically lit to display a collection of rare porcelain.

6. A modern architect's presentation of the fireside group. This is an arrangement for a dining-room by Doris Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.

7. An unsightly fireplace was removed to make way for this simple open brick construction, which provides a log fire for the entrance-hall of the house.

FASHIONS

FUEL FLASHES

THOUGH we have been burning the fires of peace, the situation with regard to keeping warm this winter looks a little unpromising.

As things are shaping, we shall be well advised to make early preparations for the cold and to brush up on all those former well-tried measures of fuel economy which help to make supplies go farther. Experience is the best teacher, and we have had several hard winters to show us what is in store unless we make ready in good time.

Consignments of blitzed timber are available at many local council offices. This wood, which has been rejected for all other purposes, makes a useful standby and will help to eke out the coal and coke which has been stored up during the summer months.

Now that we can use our cars again, trips into the country for firewood and fir-cones will be well worth while. Branches of gorse wood, when dried, make a brilliant blaze and help to pep up a sluggish fire which has been reinforced with coke.

Fir, if you can get it, is one of the best burners. Small branches blown down in the autumn gales provide wonderful kindling and have great heating qualities on account of their oily nature.

A lump of coal kept soaking overnight in a jar of paraffin should be placed in the centre of the fire when it is lit. This makes a cheerful and lasting blaze when coal is slaty or mixed with coke. Replace the lump of coal with a fresh one when you take it out of the paraffin. Each piece should steep for about twenty-four hours before use.

SHORT-WAIST SWEATER

MATERIALS

6 ozs. of Ramada Knitting Wool, 3-ply; one pair each of No. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 3 buttons; No. 10 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins; across the back and front under-arms, 17 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 18 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 96 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to main pattern.

1st row.—K. 1, * wool forward, k. 2, slip the made stitch over 2 sts., just worked. Repeat from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—Purl.

These 2 rows form pattern. Continue until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles and work for 1½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following, until 118 sts. Continue until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Work 4 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 16 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last set of 40 sts. (place the first set of 40 sts. on spare needle). Work for 2 ins., (*Continued on page* 66)

LOW-NECKED BLOUSE

MATERIALS

4 ozs. of 2-ply Paton's Beehive Fingering, in black; one pair each of No. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 2 yards of ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; back and front under-arms, 18 ins.; under-arm of sleeve, 5 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 125 sts. Knit 3 rows plain knitting.

4th row.—K. 2, * k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th and 6th rows.—Knit.

Change to No. 10 needles and the following pattern.

1st row.—S. 1, k. 1, * k, 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1. Repeat from * until 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd and every alternate row.—Purl.

3rd row.—S. 1, k. 1, * k. 2, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * until the last 3 sts., k. 3.

5th row.—S. 1, k. 1, * k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., m. 1, k. 2. Repeat from * until the last 3 sts., k. 3.

7th row.—S. 1, k. 1, * k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, s. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1. Repeat from * until the last 3 sts., k. 3.

9th row.—S. 1, k. 2, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 3, m. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * until the last 3 sts., k. 3.

11th row.—S. 1, k. 1, k. 2 tog., * m. 1, k. 5, s. 1, m. 1, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. (*Continued on page* 66)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor
Women's Department

1. And here, a going-out frock in black, show-through lisse. The frilling on the wide roll collar and vertical pockets, the full skirt gathered beneath the nipped-in waist, the all-over charm, make it a perfect date dress, yet dateless. Susan Small.

2. Otterburn tweed suit subtly mixing green and copper in a herringbone-type design. The inset belt, the flanged seaming at pockets, front and back of the skirt and on the unusual yoke line, underline its personality. Harella.

3. A young, lively dress in supple wool jersey cloth, treading new paths, with a cross-over bodice that disproves the old theory of cross-overs for matronly bosoms only. Two knife pleats front and back of the skirt, stitching on the collar, and two waistband buttons, replicas of the Chinese seal of longevity. Wolsey.

4. A tweed topcoat in that warm, plummy red which becomes most ages and, except for the finer school, most colourings too. The new softness, current in all tailoring, is hinted at in the rounded details. Windsmoor.

Further particulars on application

Mother And Daughter

THE big trek home is under way. The return of men and women to civil life, starting as a trickle, has become a flood. For both, the thrill of release from years of rigid discipline, the return to home comfort and personal freedom is so great that the problems of adjustment are only seen in outline. The details have yet to be filled in. The problems of reabsorption into home life are rather subtle, particularly in relation to young women returning to the family fold with an independence of outlook, perhaps even a set of values acquired since they went away.

One cannot help speculating upon the chances of a happy and permanent reunion between mothers and daughters whose once-intimate relationship has been thrown out of gear by the long break.

Certainly, unless both parties are prepared to make concessions and to concede that old affections need not suffer because of new habits, there are sure to be some family fireworks.

Recent times have disproved the ancient axiom that old heads cannot be put upon young shoulders. Older people, parents in particular, are finding this difficult to accept. Yet it is a fact. War and suffering have forced an early maturity upon the young. It has endowed them, in many cases, with a fighting spirit and a self-reliance, so we cannot expect that our young women will return home unchanged.

This must be faced if mothers and daughters are to get back to the old footing.

Of course, the returning exile wants mothering. This is something she has missed. But the tenderness and comfort of a mother's care cannot be confused with officious discipline, nor must it interfere with the cherished independence won through separation.

If daughter stays out late, mother must not sit up clock-watching

MOTHERS, anxious to enfold the exiles, to fit them into the established pattern of home—in fact, to start again where they left off—will find that, in most cases, this just cannot be, because the child has given place to the woman.

Unacceptable as it may be to older people who have stayed at home, it is a fact that many young women of to-day have crowded into the last few years more realistic experience of life than their mothers have yet seen, or ever will.

The importance of this premature maturity need not be exaggerated. It confers no authority other than that of self-determination, but it should be respected.

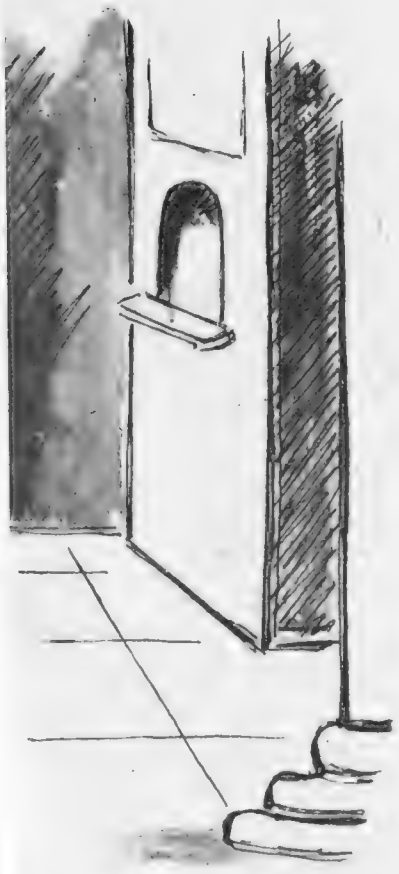
This does not mean that parental influence is at an end. Far from it. It does not signify the return of a self-assertive young person, too experienced to take advice or too complacent to benefit by example. It does imply the need for a philosophical acceptance of facts and a dependance upon the ties of mutual affection to straighten out the tangles. Mothers of returning daughters must guard against possessiveness.

The young woman who has been away, collecting interests, tasting the thrill of adventure and travel, meeting people and seeing places, may revolt at the smothering attentions of any one person who seeks to monopolise her.

If she is unselfish, the ties of home and companionship will grow as time goes by; more so if they are not too obvious at first. Freedom is sweetest when it is hard to get.

PRIVACY is another privilege which Service life has conferred and which young women will not surrender without a struggle. Though they

Are Doing Fine . . .



She will want to go to the movies with her

MANY a mother has long looked forward to her daughter's return and to the renewed joy of her companionship. She will want to go on little jaunts with her; shopping, to the movies. She will want to plan the future with her. She may even want to fuss and worry over her for a while.

It may all seem a little tedious to the returned exile, so long free from all such ties. But it doesn't have to be a serious reason for discord.

A daughter who has been, within the limits of Service life, her own boss, at least as far as her personal rights are concerned, may feel entitled to stay out as late as she likes, without specifying her time of return. The wise mother does not sit up clock - watching. Neither does she make too much of an issue over the girl's latest boy friend, who has, perhaps, the wrong-shaped chin. She must be gradually reconciled to the freedom and independence which the girl herself has grown to regard as a commonplace.

And if the girl feels her mother is being a bit pre-war, she must just remember all the circumstances and try to understand and be considerate.

Settling-down is not easy for one who has broken the ties of home life and now hopes to join them up again. Patience and a sense of humour will go a long way, on both sides, to iron out the creases. Affection and tolerance for each other's views should do the rest. W. L.

have lived and worked and slept in crowds, there are certain aspects of privacy, inherent in Service life, which the family circle often does not concede. This is the privacy which ensures immunity for personal possessions, for cupboards and correspondence and wardrobes.

Mothers can make a good start towards a friendly understanding if they begin by respecting these laws of property, within reason, and if they use their influence to see that other members of the family do the same.

WHEN circumstances permit, it would be generous and wise to give the returning Service girl a room of her own in which she can continue that occasional privacy which she has learned to enjoy; a place where personal possessions are safe from interference; where she can give rein to her taste in decoration and develop a sense of property.

In, as it were, a little home of her own, in the midst of the people she loves, she can take down her back hair with her girl friends; play the gramophone with her men friends; read and talk and act as an individual, not as a unit in a family. This is an adult privilege of which family life ought not to deprive her.

She, in her turn, if her experiences have taught her the value of give-and-take, will remember that her new-found independence does not suffer by exposure to a self-imposed discipline. She will realise that family life calls for tolerance and that the demands of a parent, however irksome, are more often based upon affectionate interest than upon the mere wish to dominate.

The girl who has been away from home for a long time may find it difficult at first to get back to the old easy-going status of shared interests with her mother.

She may forget that while her own experiences in the war years have been varied and stimulating, her mother's experience has, perhaps, continued in the same small familiar circle. Her mother has had to endure the discomforts and some of the dangers of war without the compensations of adventure.

Wise to give the returning Service girl a room of her own

BATHING THE DOG

SOME dogs have a bath every week—young owners delighting in the process. Some dogs only get a bath when they are filthy. Some dogs never get a bath, the owners saying that bathing robs the coat of precious oils, and that a regularly and well-groomed dog keeps clean with powders and dry shampoos.

But if you have a dog which you wish to have indoors, and are not willing to spend endless hours brushing, combing and powdering the dog, then a bath once a month is permissible. There is only one breed of dogs that must not be washed, and that is the wire-haired terrier. The beauty of a wire-haired depends, to a great extent, on its coat, and washing definitely spoils that by making it far too soft!

Clean a non-washing dog with a dry dog shampoo rubbed well in and then brushed thoroughly out. If you cannot get dry shampoo, use ordinary household whitening which has been soaked (to get out all lime) and then dried—it is used in the same way as the dry shampoo. All dogs should be brushed and combed three or four times a week.

NOW for the bath. All dogs, large or small, have sensitive skins, and when getting the tub ready make certain that the water is only warm. Water which your hand can stand easily will be tormentingly hot to your dog and will make every future bath a misery of unwillingness.

So get your tub of tepid water and, for a large dog, two buckets of water at hand for rinsing—one warm and one cold. You can use some disinfectant in the water, but be careful not to overdo it—carbolic and strong disinfectant not only irritate the dog's sensitive skin, but can, by absorption through the skin, make the dog very ill.

Start your lather with a mild soap or dog shampoo from the tail up: the dog standing in the tub will not object so much if his head is the last objective for your lathering. Make sure, of course, that no soap gets in his eyes and no water in his ears. When he has been well-lathered, rinse with the bucket of warm water and then with the cold.

Let him shake off surplus water, then dry him off with an old sponge, and then a towel. After the bath he should be thoroughly brushed and combed—but very gently, separating knots with your fingers rather than the comb.

Toy dogs need more careful handling. A short-coated toy dog should be shampooed in a basin of warm water, rinsed in a warm basin, and then rubbed dry. A long-coated toy dog needs a basin of lather which is well brushed into his fur, and followed by a thorough rinsing in the warm rinse basin. After squeezing as much water as possible out with your hand, brush the coat until it is thoroughly dry. A little blue helps with a white coat.

At bath-time you can inspect your dog's teeth and see if a scrubbing is advisable. Ears also need watching, and should be cleaned out with glycerine or oil on cotton-wool. After the bath, wash the dog's eyes with a good eye lotion. This routine can be followed regularly if the eyes are inclined to discharge.

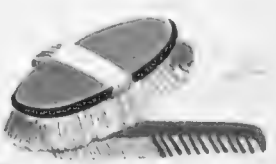
Any skin trouble has its remedy, and you can get special ointments for flaky skin, dandruff, and mild skin diseases.

Now that your dog is clean again, all you have to do is to use the brush regularly. Keep the comb attached to it by a string, and you will have a well-groomed and happy dog that you can take anywhere, proudly.

Of course, if you want to show him and win prizes, you will have to study the art of exhibiting, getting your dog to look like a champion and behave like one, in the ring.

Once you have acquired a dog with champion points, you will still have to know the art of handling him and getting him to behave well, in order to win prizes.

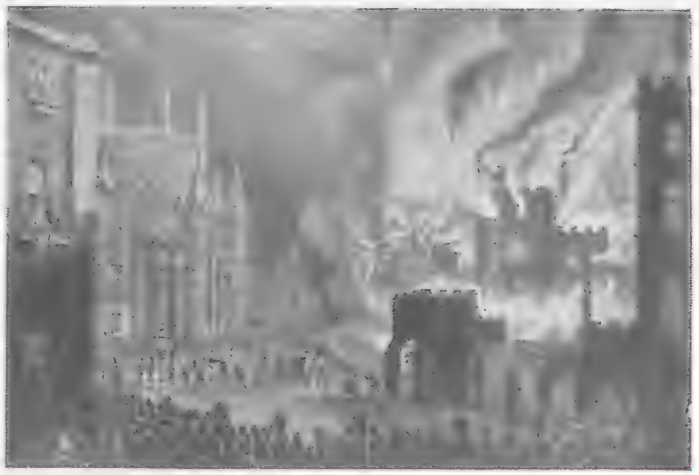
S. J.



This jacket is from an early Victorian lithograph by T. A. Prior, made before the completion of the Palace, hence some slight divergencies of detail from the finished building

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

I HAVE been looking at some superb photographs of Parliament, marvelling that so much architectural harmony should have come out of so much professional discord. Fierce disputes beat about the head of Charles Barry when he was given the job of rebuilding the Palace of Westminster after the disastrous fire of 1834. In 1837 Barry himself quarrelled with his chief assistant, Pugin, the feud continuing until 1844. After their deaths their respective sons began a bitter pamphlet war of mud-slinging. One of the bones of contention appears to have been that Pugin wanted to gothicize everything, especially after he became a Catholic—a conversion which prompted Ruskin to say that he had been "blown into religion by the whine of an organ-pipe; stitched into a new creed by the gold threads on a priest's petticoats." The story, and much else up to the bombing of the House of Commons in 1941, is told soberly by Mr. James Pope-Hennessy in "The Houses of Parliament" (Batsford, 15s.); the photographs, by Mr. Hans Wild, are supplemented by admirable engravings of the old Palace, of which little but the noble Westminster Hall survived. Together, they make a handsome souvenir of the Mother of Parliaments.



The destruction of the House of Lords and Commons by fire on the 16th October, 1834, drawn on the stone by William Heath from a sketch taken by him by the light of the flames

Amber to Green

WHAT is a luscious country girl to do when she happens to be "one of those women who reach complete physical maturity at an early age," and an astrologer tells her: "You were born with Venus in separating square aspect to Mars in the Fifth House. Hence you are inclined, madame, to over-ardent affections and to rash impulsive attractions to the opposite sex. I see that someday you will have, madame, a hundred lovers. More or less, that is?" Amber St. Clare gives herself willy nilly to a rakish Cavalier Earl, accompanies him to London, is abandoned with child while he goes off on some Royalist adventure, becomes an ambitious courtesan, and even Charles II's mistress. In fact, where light love is concerned it is a case of Amber to Green, rarely Amber to Red.

Miss Kathleen Winsor's U.S. success, **"Forever Amber"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), is a frankly physical, extrovert story—as "Anthony Adverse" was, to a lesser degree—with dialogue sometimes bawdy and blasphemous, and vividly romanticized Restoration background. Moralists and purists, having read to page 800 with outraged but enjoyable *Tut-Tuts*, will roundly disapprove, forgetting the precedents provided by classic Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Congreve and company; but, personally, I find its naïve naughtiness healthier and more amusing than the complex cerebral Aldous Huxley brand; and in any case there are still enough robust readers, Uds Lud, to demand and enjoy a robust romance, Uds Lud, whatever our mentors say about it, Uds Lud, though I must warn that it is an "A" and not a "U" book, and therefore a menace to nurseries and Cathedral Closes, Uds Lud!

AS journalist and Max Factor beauty publicist, Miss Nerina Shute was one of London's live wires in the years between the wars. Her autobiography, "We Mixed Our Drinks" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), is a weaving of her personal story with the social and political background. She gives a frank account of a first interview with Lord Beaverbrook at his Leatherhead home, as a preliminary to writing for his paper. "He wanted to know what she thought of the National Government, why she disapproved of the Means Test, exactly what she thought about religion, if she was a virgin, and what type of man appealed to her as a lover or husband? What she thought of modern painters, Epstein, modern literature, pacifism, nudism, symbolism, education, the English class system and many other things." At the end he pressed a five-pound note into her hand and asked her to bring riding breeches next time, when he explained: "I only ride because it's good for me." She comments: "Clearly, riding made Lord Beaverbrook feel cross, but each morning he did it for at least an hour, sometimes two hours, thus making himself angry until lunch." This "odd, rebellious young woman," as she styles herself, is equally frank about Fleet Street colleagues, publicity, love, sex, marriage, and Soviet Russia. She mixes her drinks, but there's always a sparkle and kick in them. This is an exceptionally good book which rises nobly above lipstick, eyeblack, film previews, and cocktail parties.

The amount of travelling I've done with novels this month is terrific. Miss Barbara Bingley's (*Continued on page* 61)

Shop,
Travel,
Pleasure,
Queueing,
Shoe Troubles,
Post-War Fatigue,
No Wonder You
Feel You're On

Your Last Legs

SEVENTEEN hours a day is the average time spent out of bed—much of it is spent on our feet. And for the last few years women have had to spend about two hours more of the seventeen standing.

Even sedentary workers have to queue for transport and for lunch, then, in the evening, if they want to go out to the movies it is the queue again.

In desperation, one buys the best shoes one can find, but if they turn out to be too heavy or not comfortable, it is impossible to discard them. No wonder women ask how long their last legs will last. Here are a few saving suggestions.

LEGS. The most important rule of all—get at least ten minutes during the day with your feet up—see the special exercise on facing page. Lying full length on the bed, or with your feet up on the sofa head is far more restful than twice the time spent merely collapsed in a chair.

Remember that brisk walking is far better for your legs than slow walking or standing. If you have a standing job, then make all your walking as brisk as possible, even if you do feel tired.

If your daily activities entail a lot of walking, then speed up your steps and know that you are keeping your legs young, with good muscular tone and excellent circulation. This is especially important for mothers-to-be and varicose vein sufferers.

Housewives should try to sit at all possible tasks, such as doing the vegetables.

Massage is a life saver. Sit on the floor or bed. Grasp your ankle in both hands and, using talc, draw your hands firmly up your leg past the knee, as far as the groin. Repeat several times with alternate hands bringing one up the left and one up the right side.

This should relax muscles, help circulation and alleviate tiredness. Your legs should tingle by the time you have finished.

When you have your hot bath give your legs a towelling with a cold wet towel as soon as you have dried the upper part of your body, then dry them with the palms of your hands with short slapping strokes upwards from ankle to groin. Finish off with a dry towel.

ANKLES. A well-turned ankle is called attractive, but if you have ankles which turn over too often you must do regular daily exercises. Massage the ankles regularly, always working up from heel to lower calf.

FEET. The first essential if you want to be happily active is to keep your feet fit and comfortable. Make sure that arches are sound, that you have no corns, calluses, bunions, chilblains, or rheumatic joints and that your shoes are as comfortable as possible. The daily tubbing, giving hot and cold plunges alternately (yes, even in winter), a firm scrubbing with a nail brush, pumicing all calluses and then massaging the dried feet with castor oil, should keep normal feet healthy. Corns can be removed with plasters, but always wear a little pressure-alleviation pad to prevent them returning. Go to a chiropodist or foot clinic at least every six months. Start taking calcium lactate if you fear chilblains. All feet should have a few minutes bracing with special foot exercises. Arch weakness needs exercises, and tired feet can feel like dancing if you give them five minutes sole massage from toe to heel.

Tired? This Ten-Minute Refresher Will Make You A NEW WOMAN

THE advice is . . . ten minutes off your feet. The housewife should have it before husband or family arrive home, the worker should have it before the evening meal, or before going out for the evening. But, although feet and legs get their rest, you do not get the full benefit of your ten minutes' lie down unless you manage to relax perfectly. This is how to get the maximum of rest from the minimum of rest period.

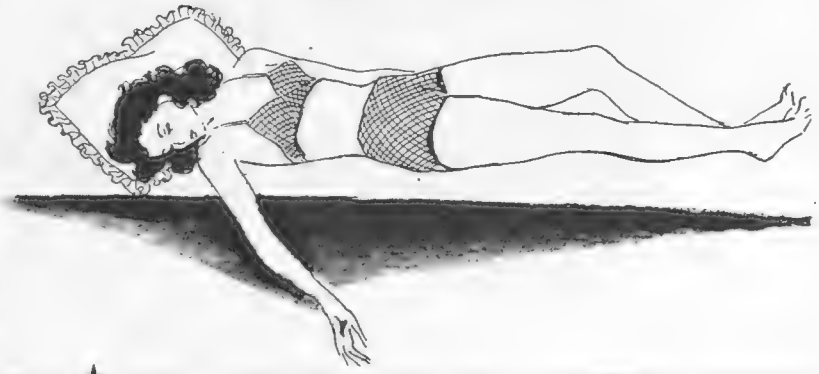
Before lying down, stand erect, stretching upwards with your finger-tips, your lungs filled with a deeply taken breath. From this taut, on-your-toes position (*a*) gradually relax fingers, wrists, elbows, arms, shoulders, waist, hips—but keep your knees straight; (*b*) you will sink down, your hands sweeping the floor, all muscles from your hips up completely relaxed. Repeat two or three times.

Now repeat, only this time let your knees relax too, so that you are collapsed over your feet—ankles only being energized. Repeat.

Now lie down on your bed and, lifting your limbs up, let them fall back on to your bed, completely relaxed. Think of nothing but complete sinking relaxation, let your chin fall, jaw muscles relaxed, let your head be relaxed on your neck so that those back-of-neck nerves and muscles get their rest.

Try to feel like a jelly-fish or a blancmange, wobbling without a muscle or a bone to hold firm. You may be able to relax more perfectly if you do this jelly-fish wobble as you lie on your back.

Your mind must relax, too, your eyes must be closed so that they are not straining to see this or that. Try to visualize black or grey and keep your mind's eye blank too. The main thing is to get your body and mind disconnected from all activities for that short space of ten minutes.



★

It Depends How You Put It On

THE application of creams and lotions is almost as important as the preparations themselves. The effect of make-up can be ruined by wrong application. Even the movements given here may need slight adjustments to suit different bone formations. No one wants lines creased in when the effort is wholely to smooth them out.

Skinfood. When the skin has been cleansed thoroughly, apply your skinfood. If you do not want to leave it on all night apply it before your hot bath and wipe off any surplus, as your bath is finished.

The routes of your massage are upwards, from base of throat to chin and then along jawline to temple; from chin across lower cheek to temple; from under mouth corners upwards to each side of your nose; upwards, fanwise, from your frown lines.

Two horizontal movements are across cheekbones, fingers starting each side of nose and drawing outwards, and across forehead, fingers touching in mid-forehead and then drawing apart, swerving down to finish with a flick on temples.

Lotions are used mainly for two purposes; removing creams and toning the skin. When removing cleansing cream or skinfood use a pad of cotton wool wet with skin tonic and the upward sweeping strokes of skinfood application are most suitable.

For toning, the skin tonic is applied with cotton wool too, but in this case the little pad of cotton wool is long, and has weight (being soaked in the tonic) and is slapped on to the face and neck with varying vigour.

The neck, chin line up to temples, and forehead will take a good vigorous slapping while the cheeks need gentle flicking. The movement is always upwards and if you have any signs of a sagging chin line, you can go over and over the jaw bone, slapping up from under chin to lower cheek. Eyes have pads of the tonic rested on them for a few moments.

Lipstick brushes are being made in places where war restrictions have not hindered their manufacture, so you can be sure that you will soon have one, but meanwhile you can use a small camel-hair brush cut short, to outline your lips.

A long thin face needs the mouth corners unemphasized and the upper lip accented. A broad face can take a wider mouth, a heavy chin can take a deeper lower lip. After (*Continued on page* 61)

BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Little Meat, Lots To Show

BEEF AU GRATIN

Cut the cooked beef into very thin slices and arrange layers (in a deep fireproof dish) of meat and cooked cauliflower and chopped mushrooms. Cover with a brown sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Leave in a medium oven for 20 minutes and serve very hot.

BEEF SALAD

Cut any left-overs of beef into small pieces and mix with slices of cooked carrot and diced, cooked beetroot and turnips. The quantity of each vegetable ingredient depends on individual taste. Season with salad cream or with tomato purée, adding salt and pepper.

HUNTSMAN'S PIE

Pass what cooked meat you have through the mincer with an equal quantity of crustless bread previously soaked in meat stock. Mix with 1 minced onion and 1 teaspoonful of herbs. Add 1 reconstituted egg, salt and pepper, and 1 teaspoonful of flour. Roll into small balls, place in a deep pie dish and cover with mashed potatoes piled high. Sprinkle lightly with melted margarine and leave in the oven to brown.

POTATO MUSACA

Boil 2 lb. of potatoes in their skins, and when cold peel and cut into rounds. Pass through the mincer, or cut into small cubes, all the odd pieces of meat left round the bone of a joint and mix with 2 fried and chopped onions. Add salt and pepper and 1 reconstituted egg. Arrange layers of potatoes and meat in a fireproof dish, the first and last layers being of potato. Pour over 1 cupful of meat stock (mixed with tomato purée if available) and leave in a medium oven until the liquid is absorbed.

STUFFED ONIONS

Peel some of the largest onions you can get hold of and put them in a saucepan covered with salted cold water. Bring to the boil, and leave for 15 minutes. Strain, taking care not to break the onions, and, when cold, scoop them out and arrange in a fireproof dish. Fill the holes with very finely-chopped meat, put a shaving of margarine on each, fill the dish with white sauce and cook in a medium oven until the onions are soft. Serve with grated cheese served separately.

MUTTON MOULD

Pass through the mincer the remains of Sunday's joint, adding twice its quantity of crustless bread previously soaked in very strong meat stock. Work well with a wooden spoon, incorporating, gradually, 3 eggs (dry), salt, pepper, and enough thick brown sauce to make a thick paste of the whole. Put the mixture in a greased and floured soufflé dish and bake for 45 minutes in a medium oven. It is ready when a skewer, stuck into the mould, comes out clean. Turn out and surround with macaroni covered with brown sauce.

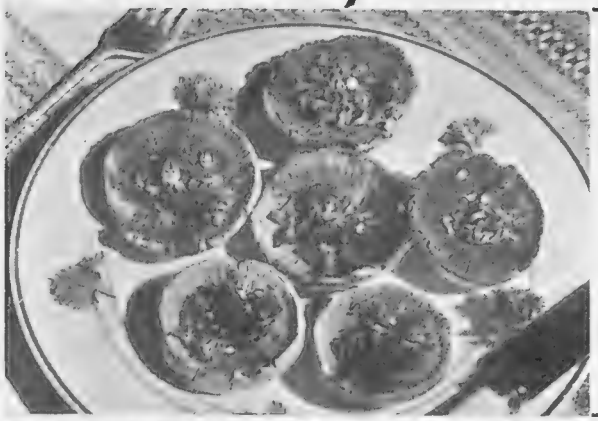
PORK ROLLS

Peel 1 large potato for each person, cut a neat hole right through lengthwise with an apple corer, enlarging the hole as much as possible towards the centre of the potato taking care not to pierce the walls, stuff with a mixture of minced pork and half its quantity of cooked macaroni moistened with a little tomato purée or milk, plug each end of the hole with the piece of potato remaining in the corer, and bake on a well-greased fireproof dish until the potatoes are soft. Serve covered with an onion sauce.

SIMPLE CASSEROLE

Assuming you have chosen stewing beef for your week's ration, cut a third into small squares and put them in a frying pan with 1 oz. of lard, 2 onions cut into squares, 2 diced carrots, and a celery heart, also chopped up. After 10 minutes add 2 dessertspoonsful of flour and mix well. Transfer into a casserole and pour over 2 cupfuls of boiling vegetable stock. Stir well, then add 2 potatoes cut into quarters and 1 cupful of cauliflower flowerettes. Season to taste, and leave in a hot oven until the vegetables are cooked. More liquid should be added if too thick.

After-Theatre Snacks



Mushroom Savoury

Peel some large mushrooms and cook until tender, in a greased frying-pan with a pinch of salt and pepper and ½ teaspoonful of margarine on each. Remove, and cool. Chop the stalks finely and fry until tender, seasoning to taste. Cool, then mix with chopped parsley, and fill the large mushrooms with the mixture.

Surprise Pastry

Make some pastry with ½ lb. of flour and 4 oz. of lard or margarine. Roll out twice and line small tart tins with it. Bake until brown and allow to cool before filling with equal parts of boned sardines and spaghetti, sprinkled over with grated cheese.

Scotch Biscuits

Mix ¼ lb. of medium oatmeal with 2 oz. of self-raising flour, 1 oz. of grated cheese and a pinch of salt. Rub in 2 oz. of margarine, and add 1 reconstituted egg. Work into a stiff paste, adding a little water if necessary. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, and bake in a moderate oven until light brown.

PAPRIKA FISH

Put a medium-sized rock salmon into a fireproof dish with 1 cupful of water, 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped herbs, and 1 sliced onion, and poach in a hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove, and mix carefully into the liquid a dessertspoonful of paprika powder, salt and pepper. Serve the fish cold either in the same dish or cut into thin strips on salad leaves and covered with the liquid.

RED CABBAGE SALAD

Shred very finely a quarter of a red cabbage, removing all hard parts. Bring to the boil ½ cupful of vinegar added to ½ cupful of water, add the cabbage, mix well for 5 minutes, then strain. When the cabbage is quite cold, mix in half its quantity of chopped apples and the same amount of celery heart.

BRAISED MUTTON

Melt, in a large saucepan, 1 dessertspoonful of margarine and 1 of lard. When melted, add whatever cut of mutton you have that week and brown slowly on both sides, adding, every 5 minutes or so, 1 dessertspoonful of boiling water. After 20 minutes add 4 cupfuls of meat stock, 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar, and bring quickly to the boil. Remove the scum twice, then add 1 carrot cut into slices, 2 sliced onions, bouquets of herbs, salt and pepper. Put a lid on the saucepan and let it simmer for 2 hours, turning the meat occasionally. When ready, remove the meat, pour the liquid into a bowl, and when quite cold skim off the fat deposit on the surface. Reheat slightly the liquid, pour over the meat, and leave in a very cool place until ready to serve.

OLD-FASHIONED SPONGE CAKE

Put 4 oz. of sugar into a saucepan and moisten with a very little water. Place it over a low fire, taking care the sugar doesn't burn, until a syrup is obtained, then pour it into 3 reconstituted eggs and stand the basin with the eggs in another basin containing boiling water. Whisk steadily until the mixture becomes creamy, then add 5 oz. of sieved flour and stir the mixture as little as possible. Add a few drops of vanilla essence, pour into a greased mould, and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes.

Harriet Muir

Seasonable Soups

FISH SOUP

Put in a saucepan 2 oz. of margarine and fry lightly 2 sliced onions. Add ½ lb. of cod and ½ lb. of whiting (or other suitable fish) cut into small pieces. After 5 minutes add 1½ pints of water, a clove of garlic (optional), salt, pepper, a bouquet of herbs, and let simmer for 15 minutes. Strain, and if too thick add a little milk. Before serving boil in the soup for 10 minutes ¼ cupful of vermicelli.

DRIED PEA SOUP

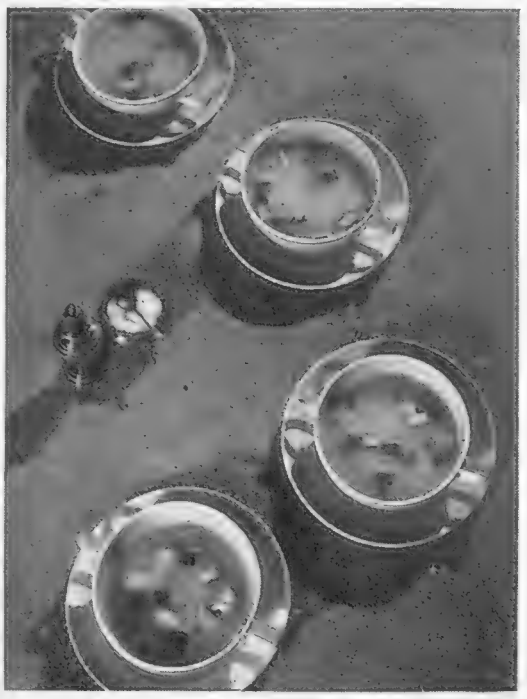
Soak the peas overnight. Boil them until soft, strain and pass through a sieve, then mix the purée with 2 oz. of margarine in which 1 chopped onion is frying and slowly pour over enough meat stock to make a thick cream. Serve with *croûtons*.

CREAM OF CELERY

Fry lightly, in margarine and over a low flame, 1 cupful of minced celery heart, then add ¾ pint of milk and ¾ pint of celery stock (water in which the stalks have boiled for 30 minutes). Let simmer with 1 carrot and 1 onion for 20 to 25 minutes. Strain, and reheat before serving.

A THREE VEGETABLE SOUP

Fry 1 sliced onion in 2 oz. of margarine; when brown, add 1 tablespoonful of flour. Mix well, adding gradually 2 pints of meat stock. Bring to the boil while stirring and then add 1 carrot and 1 cupful of cauliflower flowerettes. Let simmer for 30 minutes, strain and sieve the vegetables. Mix well the purée with the liquid and boil again, seasoning to taste, with ½ cupful more of cauliflower flowerettes. When cooked, serve.



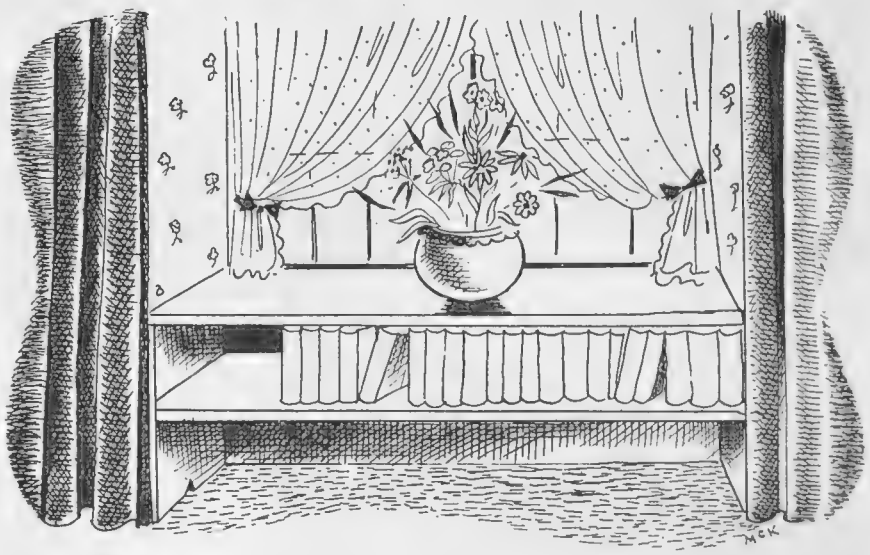
SHELF HELP

for those who prefer to become their own handymen than to wait for outside assistance

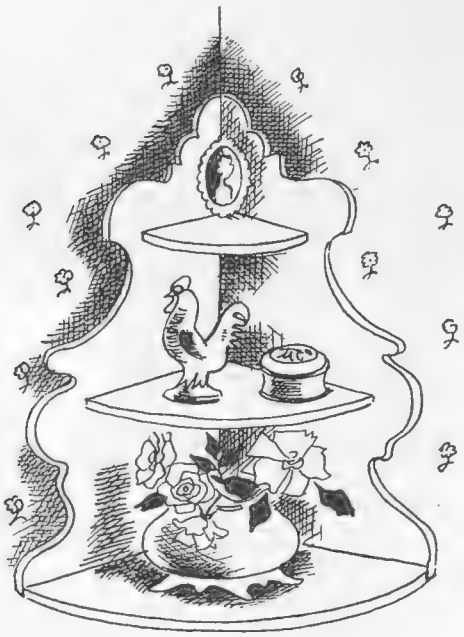
EVERY home needs its quota of shelves. These can be very useful and are often delightfully decorative unless they are allowed to degenerate into unsightly receptacles for clutter which far too many homes encourage.

It all depends on your outlook about shelves; on the way they are made, the uses to which they are put and the manner in which they are decorated when you have got them fixed.

Shelves in the kitchen for odd pots and pans, for canisters and china are often indispensable. Shelves in the sitting-room are handy for books and magazines, and sometimes just purely for their value in the decorative scheme.



Home-made bookshelves in a window recess consist of two planks, cut to fit. A support at each end holds the top shelf which is screwed down. Two-inch battens, screwed to the supports half-way down, hold the lower shelf in place side



A Victorian hanging corner shelf painted to harmonize with the scheme of decoration makes a background for ornaments and flowers

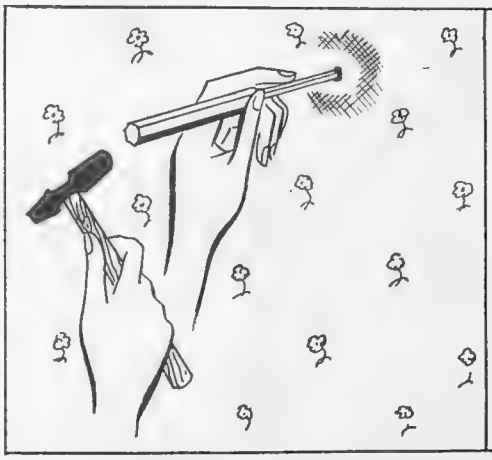
Here are some illustrations of a practical book shelf and a set of hanging corner shelves which any amateur can reproduce at home with little experience of carpentry.

To fit shelves securely it is necessary, in most cases, to plug the walls to which they are being attached. The illustrations at foot of the page show how to carry out this simple operation without knocking ugly holes in the plaster.

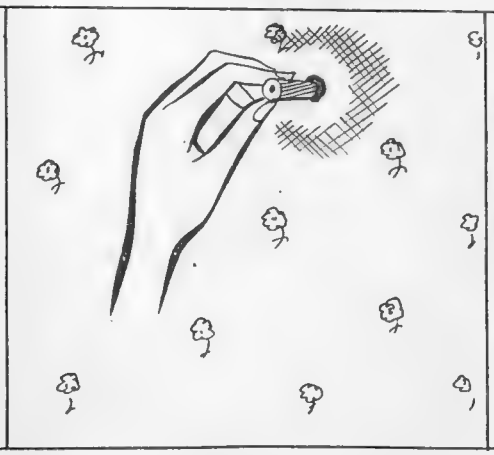
Most shelves consist of a straight plank of two or three ply wood, cut to the measurement required and screwed to a supporting batten which has been plugged to the wall.

It may be more difficult in these times to get the wood for making than actually to fit the shelves, but where a larger quantity of timber may be unobtainable, an odd length or two can often be found. Local councils are selling salvaged wood from bombed houses now, and among this there is often sufficient good timber to do small carpentry jobs for the home.

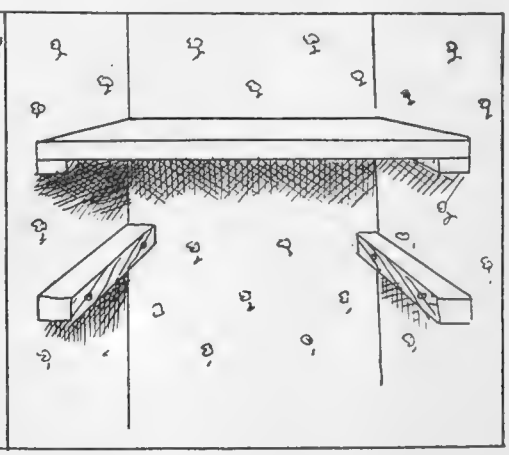
Kitchen shelves can also be fitted on metal brackets which can be bought at any hardware store. These are screwed, with plugs, to the wall, and the ends of the shelf are rested on them. A pleated gingham or cretonne frill tacked around the edge of the shelf will hide the supports from view and give a gay finish to the fitment.



To fit a shelf in a recess mark the place where the supporting battens are to be screwed to the wall and then drive holes with the tool that is provided in a Rawlplug outfit



When the holes have been made take the plugs provided in the outfit and drive them carefully into the prepared holes. Screws must be driven into the plugs when the supporting battens are attached to the wall



This is the finished shelf with battens already in place a little lower down the wall on which another shelf is to be fixed. Measurements must be exact to get shelves and battens in the right position

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It's Catching

COLDS and epidemics, in fact the season of catching complaints, is an annual headache for mothers unless some sound precautions against infection have been taken in good time.

This year there has been a holiday by the sea—for many younger children the first—which, combined with the end of stuffy blackout conditions, should make an appreciable difference. The chance to build up some effective resistance during the summer months is the best sort of preventive.

Just the same, the food situation remains as difficult as ever, and it is here that we have to look for ways and means of substituting the deficiencies which lead to infection.

There is no need to repeat the vital importance of the regular doses of cod-liver oil and the daily orange juice. Fresh air—as much of it as possible—plenty of exercise and long hours of sleep in a well-ventilated room will do more than anything to keep children in a condition of healthy resistance to infection.

Fresh circulating air is the best-known antidote to germs. Even on cold days children should be wrapped up warmly and sent to play outside. Windows should be kept well open at night and living-rooms should be kept free, as far as possible, from stagnant air.

It is not easy to keep school children away from contact with infection, but you can avoid taking them into other crowded places, and keep them out of the company of any one person known to be suffering from a cold.

If you or any other member of the household takes cold, keep as distant as you can from the children for a day or two. If you are handling a small child while you have symptoms of a cold, it is worth while tying a piece of antiseptic gauze over the mouth and nose while you are actually at close quarters. Use a disinfectant spray about the living-room and keep the house as well ventilated as the temperature will allow.

Food which keeps the blood in good condition is important. Salads, rich in vitamins, should be included regularly in the winter diet as far as possible. Finely grated cabbage, grated carrot and chopped apple tastes good and looks attractive—an important point when making salads for children.

All vegetables should be gently simmered in very little water to preserve the vitamins which are such an indispensable protection against infection in winter. Steamed vegetables are are a great source of vitamin health. They take longer to cook, but a very small glimmer of gas will keep the water boiling beneath a steamer, while the flavour and nutritive value of the vegetables is increased by a hundred per cent.

Soft, overcooked foods, as well as certain spiced ones, are known to promote the catarrhal discharges which lead to infection. Runny porridge, stodgy tapioca, soft white bread and butter instead of brown; pickles and relishes should all be avoided.

Among other things these foods encourage constipation and the child who is the least bit constipated is a ready subject for colds, so watch out for that slight coating of the tongue in the morning and the pastiness of skin which tells of clogged bowels.

If a child repeatedly catches cold it might be due to a number of things, including constipation, lack of vitamin B, infected tonsils (although medical opinion is not so ready as it was to whip out suspected tonsils) and infected nasal cavities, as well as diet deficiencies.

The nasal cavities are lined with hair, which is intended as a first line of defence against germs. In cities where the atmosphere is laden with dust and germs, these cavities are apt to become blocked with dirt and grit. Germs lodge themselves here and remain indefinitely unless they are turned out. This is the reason that, in some cases, cold follows upon cold.

Every child, however young, should be taught to blow his nose thoroughly and often, even if he hasn't got a cold. Night and morning through the season of infections, it is a good plan to insert into the nostrils a small twist of cotton wool wrung out of boiled water into which one or two drops of mild disinfectant have been added. This cleans out the dirt, neutralizes germs, and leaves a free passage for air. A twice-daily gargle is probably one of the best preventives known and should be made as normal a part of the older child's routine as brushing the teeth.

Louisa Kaye

As autumn paints this land of ours in brilliant shades of golden splendour, a new age of discovery is born. On every highway and by-way, on every rolling upland, in every woodland glade there is an invitation to explore, or a link with the romantic past to excite the imagination and please the eye of the Ford motorist.

Berry Pomeroy Castle, Devon, painted by Tom Mostyn

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Highland honours

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But here is the manner of it.

The Chairman rising and putting his left foot on his chair and his right on the table proposes a health with Highland honours. All the company rise and follow the Chairman's example, he then gives the following orders.

"Suas e Suas e Suas e" (up with it)
the whole company raise glasses above their heads

"Sios e Sios e Sios e" (down with it)
glasses lowered to breast level

"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)
all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e" (hither with it)
all glasses brought back to the face

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps) three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris a ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

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CLEAN SWEEP

THE most fastidious are sometimes guilty of overlooking dirt in places where it doesn't scream for attention. Once you begin making a count of these hide-outs for dirt in the wardrobe and the home, it is astonishing how many can be found.

There is the black slip, for instance, which, because it doesn't show soil marks as soon as the light ones, is allowed to go on unwashed, yet common sense tells us that it must be equally dirty.

Linings seldom get the cleaning they deserve. We scorn to wear a hat or a coat that is grubby on the outside, and yet we allow the inside to get greasy and soiled.

Hat linings can be removed and washed quite easily. It may be necessary to loosen part of the trimming to get at the stitching which holds the lining in place, but with care this can all be replaced.

When it is removed, the lining should be washed in warm soapy water to which a little ammonia has been added, to dissolve grease marks. When the front of the lining which comes in contact with the forehead, is marked with powder and make-up, light scrubbing with a soft nail brush will remove the marks. Wrap the clean lining in a towel and iron it damp. Stitch back with very light stitches.

Clothes brushes and even boot brushes are regularly permitted to go through life without a wash. So much so that, in both cases, they often brush more dirt than they remove, into the objects they are meant to clean.

Dirty brushes should be well washed in warm, not hot, soapy water. Use a mild soap or soft soap if possible. Add a little borax to soften the water and promote cleansing. If the bristles are limp after washing, make a solution of one ounce of alum to a quart of hot water. Stand the brushes in this, bristles down, but do not let the solution reach the head of the bristles. Leave to soak until the water is cold, then dry in a current of air (never near a fire) with the bristles down.

The inside of the teapot is a place where cleaning is often overlooked. Stains on the inside can be removed by filling the pot with very hot water in which a good dessertspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Leave to soak overnight, and then brush well around the lining of the pot with a bottle brush.

Sponges and face cloths that have not been regularly cleaned should be soaked in strong salt water to dissolve the slime which accumulates, especially in sponge. A little powdered alum added to the salt water will whiten a sponge and give it a healthier appearance. Household bleaching solution will do the same for face cloths.

Dark hangings, plush or velour curtains and cushion covers of the same kind of material, are allowed to go on indefinitely without cleaning merely because the dirt does not show. It is there, all the same, and colouring is dimmed by accumulated dust which, at the same time, perishes the material. Fabrics that are kept clean last longer.

Heavy curtains should be taken down regularly and beaten in the open air to remove all surplus dust. Those that have been hanging for a long time without cleaning will be improved by carpet soap if they are too heavy to be washed in the ordinary way.

Lay the material on a flat surface and rub over, doing small sections at a time with dampened carpet soap. Next with a damp clean cloth—not a wet one—rub the soap into the pile. In the case of plush or velour, rub the way of the pile. With another clean damp cloth, wipe off the soap. Do not saturate the material, on any account. Hang out to dry, if possible, in a good draught.

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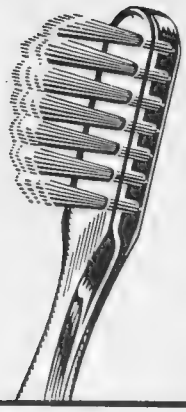

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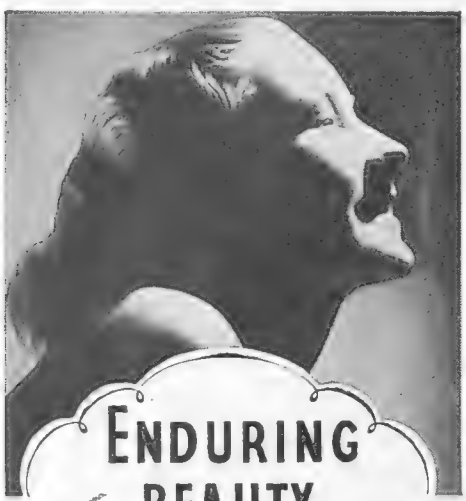

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A Man In The Family

(Continued from page 12)

the same every place. Ye see ma'am, Joe never had a home. He was brought up by his poppa in cookhouses at camps an' ranches, an' he's lived most all his time in bunkhouses. This here, if you'll pardon me speakin' out ma'am, is a proper home. That's what he feels."

Sally's eyes shone. "That's a wonderful thing to have you say. I have tried with it."

"You done a job then, never fear. You Bill, listen to me. You're lucky. Appreciate your mother an' this home you got, because if you don't, one day you'll be mighty sorry. Whatever you get afterward, you won't get nothing half so good as what you got right now. Ask Uncle Joe."

He turned to Sally. "I'm a family man meself, ma'am. Ain't nothin' like it. Two boys an' two girls. The youngest's only three. Here——" he pulled out a wallet and the well-thumbed photographs were passed.

The corporal put in dryly: "He's got all them, but he didn't have sense enough to stay out of a war he didn't have to go to. He has to volunteer."

The sergeant turned on him portentously: "That shows how much you know. If you think us married men could leave a fight like this to a bunch of bachelors an' kids ain't hardly dry behind the ears, you're crazy. This is a war for homes. That's what it's all about. Read the news out of Europe. I do my own fightin'. Always have an' always will."

By and by Sally said to the corporal: "Tell me, what is it like where you come from?"

Johnson, now somewhat more at his ease, looked at her, chin between thumb and finger, thoughtfully, and did not answer. Slavin beckoned Willie, who went to him shyly and was lifted to his knee. "Listen to me," said Slavin. "It ain't just one uncle you got now. It's two—an' a whole lot o' sort of uncles at the camp as well. I'm Uncle Hank. Get it? Lemme hear you. Come on now, Uncle Hank."

"Tha's right. Now siddown an' leave y'r Uncle Joe tell 'bout the golden west. Come on cowboy. Give out."

"We—el," said the man from Wyoming, shyly and deep in thought. "First off its big, so big that, here, I sort of can't believe how big it is. You could put this whole district in one little draw and never see it two miles off."

The light died till only the flickering of the fire lit their faces, as a son of the bunkhouse with a poet's heart spoke of his native plains. "The sun shines all the time and the sky's blue and the air's that clear. You can pull up your pony on a hill and see a man miles away quite plain, as little as an ant. 'Way off, it's blue and mauve and syrup-colour, and the air smells of sage and bites your nose. It sets you up. And when you're in the foothills with the emptiness all round you, and the snow on Wind River Mountains with the sun on 'em standing up above the clouds like gold, you feel—sort of contented and complete, the way you never can when you're among buildings, however big and fine they are."

When, at length, he stopped there was a silence, and then Sally said: "I should adore it there. It's like the sea, and I love the sea."

"Yeah," he said, gazing at the fire. "It's like the sea."

Willie was curled up in Hank Slavin's arms, fast asleep. Hank, watching his mother's steady face, within the eyes a far-off look, said softly: "Yes. You'd like it there okay." His eyes met Johnson's. "So would Bill."

With a glance to make sure Willie was asleep, his mother went to a small desk in the corner, where she unlocked a drawer and took out something which she gave the corporal. "These are yours."

He took the six envelopes wonderingly and held them down to the firelight, bending to make out the addresses in a childish scrawl. "Mr. Joseph Johnson, America."

She whispered: "He couldn't understand why we never heard from the only man in the family so he wrote to him. I had nowhere I could address them so I just pretended to post them."

He looked around at the fair head on Hank Slavin's arm, eyes shut, long lashes quiet on the velvet cheeks, and seemed about to speak.

But with a thump and a gush of flame the back-log fell apart, waking the boy. It also lit the clock-face and his mother exclaimed: "Heavens! it's long past bedtime. I had no idea."

As the men took their leave, she said: "It's understood: this is your home whenever you can come here, both of you. My husband would have wanted it and so do I."

Johnson opened his mouth as though to protest but shut it again. Then he said: "Thank you, ma'am."

Back at the camp they read the letters, sitting on their cots. "Dere Unkel Joe——"

Pete Johnson shook his head. "Poor little kid. I should have told her. I meant to before we left but somehow——"

"Don't tell her. There ain't no reason why you should. The kid's in heaven, an' she's as pleased as punch. It wouldn't be the same if they knew you didn't belong. This Joe don't count. He's never written nor nothin'. An' it can't last long. If there's any sense to signs, we'll be movin' again soon. Every one's bein' concentrated in the south an' west. Before long we'll be in the scrap. If you handle the can in action like you do on exercises you'll be killed quick in a blaze o' glory. All the guys figure that. That'll tie up the ends. Or you can write to her. But you can't spoil it now. It wouldn't be kind."

"But it's not fitting, going in there like one of the family when you're not. Why, I'm not even English blood. Grandfather Johnson was a Dane from Copenhagen."

"You done it for the kid, didn't you? That's all that matters. If you want to do the little feller right, go through with it."

"It's not square."

"You never read Shakespeare, do you. He said what goes: '. . . to thine own self be true, an' it shall foller as the night the day thou canst not be false to any man.' You mean good, don't you? Then keep your trap shut an' act like uncle. Give him somethin' to remember. Make it as good as you know how." Hank gave his junior a long, straight look and made what they both knew was an understatement: "I figger a bit o' family life before we start to fight won't do you no harm, neither."

THEY were sitting round the fire once more with Willie on his "uncle's" knees. A month had passed. This afternoon, unexpectedly, the men had come with the news that the regiment was leaving in the morning. There had been quiet for some time when Sally, looking at the clock, stood up. "Bedtime, son. Come along. Say good night."

It was a dreaded moment. As Pete Johnson set him on his feet, despite his efforts to control it, Willie's lip was trembling. "Good night, Uncle Joe."

The corporal took his hand, then picked him up again and kissed him. "Good night, Bill. Be a good boy and take care of your mother."

"Y-you'll come back soon. An' you'll send a letter every week. It's going to be b-beastly when you're gone."

"If I can, and every week I can. That's a promise." He held the boy in his arms a moment and his mother, watching, felt her heart twist.

She had risen to take him upstairs—the men were staying—when Slavin said: "Lemme put him to bed this time, will you ma'am. I can. I done it a thousan' times at home, I guess. I'd—sort of like to. An' you an' Joe can talk a bit, private. I figger you'll have things to say tonight, just in the fam'ly."

"Like Uncle Hank to put you to bed, son?" he asked Willie. "Lemme, won't you."

Willie, tearful, *(Continued on page 54)*

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Health Hints No. 1

Every child should have cod liver oil *every day*

Don't make the mistake of thinking that it's only delicate, "chesty" children who should be given cod liver oil. The strong, healthy ones need it just as much.

However well a youngster may be, even though he eats like a horse and never has a cold, it's still essential for him to have cod liver oil every day of the year, if he is to go on enjoying good health as he grows older.

Ensures sound bones and freedom from colds

The reason for this is that cod liver oil develops resistance to infection and so keeps a child free from coughs and colds. It also helps the body to build calcium, which ensures sound, sturdy bones, and prevents rickets. That's why the Government has made cod liver oil available for daily consumption to all children under five.

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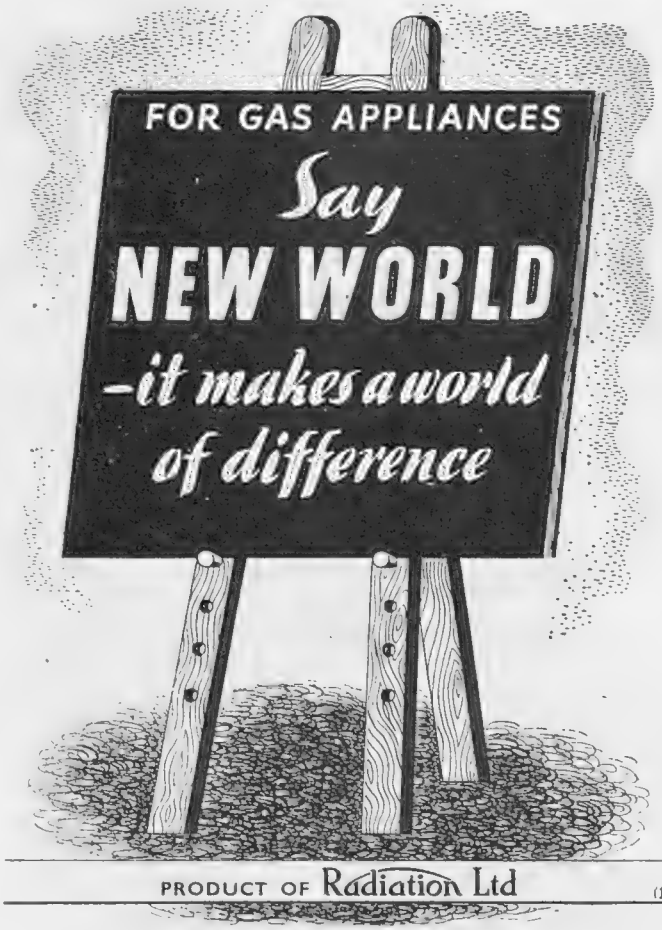

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turned in his mother's grasp and put his arms out.

"Atta boy."

Her maternal scruples roused, she was about to rebuff Hank Slavin, when she met his gaze, and suddenly the impulse died. It was an odd look he gave her, urgent, encouraging, admonitory. In face of it, Sally blushed. This man had understanding.

He reached for her son and she bowed to his authority. The sergeant opened the narrow door which hid the way up to the attic and his lank form, stooped low to clear the lintel, felt its way up the crooked stairs.

Johnson was on his feet, gazing at the fire. He raised his head when she went across and sat down. Overhead, the old beams creaked as Slavin moved about.

By and by he said: "Look. I've got to tell you something. I meant to before but I didn't want to make the boy unhappy. You see, it was like this——"

"I know," she said quietly. "You couldn't be Joe Johnson because he never existed. Willie never had an uncle."

"What?" he ejaculated.

"He was so miserable because we had no men in the family. It was becoming an obsession with him, so I invented Uncle Joe. That's all."

He stared at her between awe and bewilderment. "So that's how come! You cooked that stuff up about me going away as a kid and all to make it easy for me. And you cinched it with those letters you had by you."

She had blushed: "Willie was so happy. I couldn't bear to spoil it," she said apologetically.

"Yeah," he agreed. "I know." There was a pause. Then he spoke, roughly and impulsively: "I've got to have this straight. I'm coming clean. It's not true I was doing it just for Bill, though I let Slavin kid me I saw.

A Man In The Family

It was true at the very first, but right soon I was thinking of myself. I could have told you without hurting Bill. But, being here the way I was, with you, belonging, one of the family and treated that way, that was something for a guy like me. It got me, and—well, I wouldn't risk spoiling it. It was a heel's trick."

"It wasn't. You couldn't be a—heel. You've been sweet."

Silence lay between them for a while. Then she said, in a low voice: "Since you've been honest, I didn't speak the truth, either. I could have told you, and we could have kept it up for Willie but I was afraid. I was afraid you'd—that is, I didn't want——" Sally broke down and tried again: "You see, right from the first, that day in the village I—well I——" Her nerve went. She stopped and hung her head.

He had sat forward eagerly. "You didn't want me to go? That's what you mean? You wanted me to stay, the way I wanted to. Me, for myself, not just for Bill?"

Face down, ears red, she nodded.

"And you liked me right away, like I did you. Why then—say, you and I——"

He sprang to his feet and pulled her from her chair. She went, without a protest, into his arms.

There had been silence overhead for quite a time when at length they went upstairs.

Slavin was sitting on a low chair by the bed. The oil lamp shed a yellow glow on Willie, sleeping with his hand in Slavin's.

The sight of Sally and the corporal hand in hand with the new radiance on them caused Slavin no surprise. "I see there's a man in the fam'ly reg'lar now," he said. "I been figgerin' on it. You three need each other."

END

King of the Birds

(*Continued from page 25*)

enemies. Those powerful talons, that fearsome beak, and the mighty wings make an eagle too formidable a quarry for any beast to attack lightly. Perhaps the only bird which ever tries conclusions with an eagle is that dashing buccaneer of the air, the peregrine falcon. Such a fight resembles a scrap during the Battle of Britain when Spitfires were dashing in to attack the great Heinkels.

One of the most powerful eagles in the world is the wedge-tailed eagle of Australia. The power of its strike is tremendous. Its talons can drive through the skull of a lamb, and even with its legs tied together, a wedge-tail can sink its talons deep in a man's foot.

Henry Lamond has thus described, in vivid terms, how a wedge-tail killed a kangaroo. "The eagle struck at the young kangaroo while it was in the middle of a bound. The great bird paused for a mere flick of time on its shoulders; and almost without losing the stroke of his wings he rose again and rested in a tree. His work was done. He could afford to wait. The young kangaroo hopped on. Slowly it swung in an aimless circle, gradually narrowing its orbit until it spun about on nerveless legs and fell in a quivering heap. The eagle, in one lightning probe, had pierced its spinal column."

END

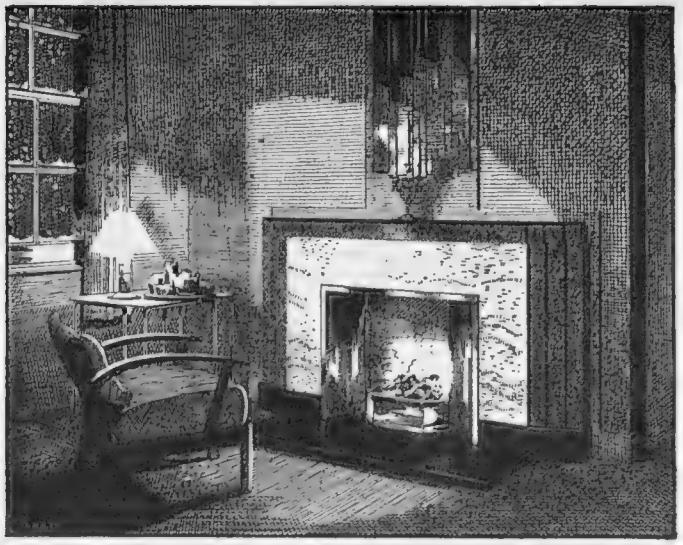
Holy Island Folk

(*Continued from page 20*)

another day. The next will be the soft slip-slop of splayed hooves immediately under my window, as ten or eleven milking cows pass along the road to water at the well trough. By this time the island day is getting into its stride. Horses, which range freely over the common land in and above the village, are galloping up the streets, chivied by mischievous boys. Women are out washing their steps, bordering them neatly with pipe-clay, banging mats, and brushing the cobblestones and even the roadway in front of their houses. If yesterday was washing day women and girls in pairs are carrying big baskets of clothes down to the beach, to lay them on the green or the clean shingle. The beach is almost deserted at this hour. A few old fishermen are pottering around the eight or nine boat-houses—each a herring-boat turned bottom up—one painting a little boat, or mending a seine net, another rowing about on the Ooze. To that hub of their island round which the greater part of their seventy or eighty years has been centred they are drawn hourly in the tranquil evening of their life. Every now and again they look out to sea, and a little before or after noon the first of the fishing-cobles appears off the island, bearing south outside the bar, before turning west of the narrow channel to the harbour. Then, with fish-boxes stacked high in their small boat, the crew pull with their long oars to the beach, and carry the boxes on their backs up the slippery path over the rocks to the Fish House, returning again and again if the catch has been a heavy one. Then, lifting the swills containing their lines and a few fish for the house, on to their shoulders, they make their way through the green Sanctuary Close to dinner and a couple of hours' nap.

With the fishermen asleep and the farm-hands away working in the fields the village is quiet during the afternoon—until the children come out of school. In the early evening, however, the fishermen come abroad again and make their way down to the beach, carrying their next day's lines, which they dump in their cobles overnight, and when everything has been made shipshape for the next morning, they gather in groups up at the corner in the village, before drifting away to the Reading Room or Sally's little shop—the island's "Coffee House"—and later to one or another of the inns for their evening pints and a game of dominoes.

By nine o'clock the hams hanging in their nets from the beams of the "Iron Rails'" low ceiling can hardly be made out through a blue haze of tobacco smoke, and the bar is in an uproar, with pewter beer mugs banging metallically on heavy table tops, and blue-clad fishermen, (*Continued on page 56*)



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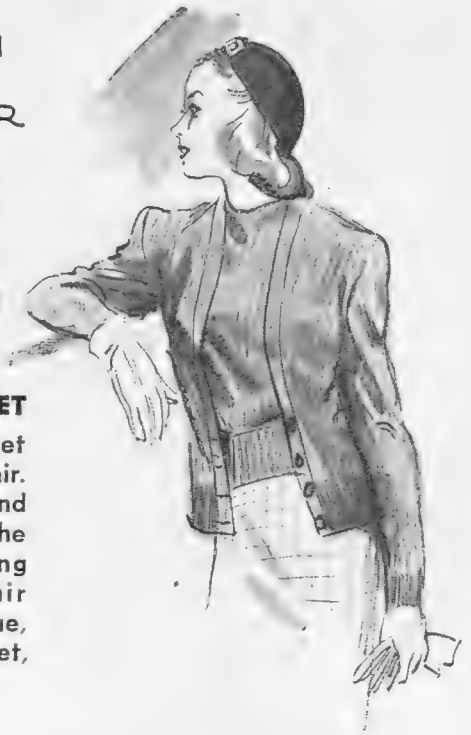

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You will feel *so* sure of yourself — in this beautifully Hershelle-tailored suit of plain scotch woollen, with its flattering roll collar. New jacket touches are the rouleau scrolls and highly-interesting buttons . . . .

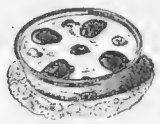
. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

A sweet course special

It used to be so easy to have refreshing variety, when all you had to do was to open a tin of sparkling DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail or fragrant DEL MONTE Bartlett Pears or any other delicious DEL MONTE variety. Those times will come again.

Meanwhile, DEL MONTE would like to help you to add healthfulness and pleasurable eating to your meals in another way. Here is the recipe for a dish which really is rather special — and very easy to make.

FRUIT FROLIC.....



2-lb. jar sweetened plums, pears, cherries, greengages or stewed fresh fruit, 1 shell egg, 1 reconstituted dried egg, 1 oz. sugar, ½ oz. powdered gelatine, ½ pint juice from the fruit, a few drops almond or vanilla essence.

Place stoned fruit in the bottom of a dish, reserving some for decoration. Soak the gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water. Stir in the fruit juice. Warm gently to dissolve gelatine. (Do not boil.) Add the egg yolk to the reconstituted egg, sugar and essence. Beat together. Stir the hot (not boiling) liquid into this egg mixture. Whip the egg white very stiff. Pour the fruit-juice mixture into it. Stir once or twice and pour over the fruit. When firm enough, decorate with the fruit reserved for the purpose .....

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a sure aid to sound restful SLEEP

PHOSFERINE

TONIC WINE

waving clay pipes, all shouting at the top of their voices. Here is one with the bleached hair and yellow spade beard of a Viking. Before him are three full and one half-full heavy glass pint mugs, over which he smacks his lips against toothless gums, pressing them up under hooked nose. His jaws champ unceasingly at a quid of tobacco pouched in his cheek, until raising himself stiffly at closing time on to bowed legs, heaving at rough blue pants, he shoots a stream of tobacco juice into the sawdust spittoon he has used for the past fifty-four years, and clutching at leathern belt beneath much-darned "gansy," rolls across the bar and out into the night, mumbling breathily to himself. After a weather eye at sea and sky, he rocks his bent-legged way over the cobblestones to the box-bed in his tiny but-and-ben, with its white-washed walls and low steep roof a little way up the village.

But not few the dark and stormy nights, especially during this war, that the cry has gone round from inn to inn and house to house, "Ship ashore!", to be followed by a shattering boom when the coastguard at the lookout fires his rocket. The inmates of the pubs stampede for the doors and pour out into the Front Street, where there is the sound of men running, the harsh curses of others colliding in the darkness, the high-pitched voices of excited women. The village streets are left hushed and deserted, except for the old folk standing at their doors or windows listening to the "throb-throb" of the lifeboat's engine as she crosses the bar; or, if it is a bad storm, huddling closer over their fires, remembering the nights of other shipwrecks, listening to the continuous roar of the wind battering the door hour after hour and the rain lashing on the windows; or standing at an upstairs window looking out into the blackness illumined from time to time by rockets.

END

No Sentiment, Please (*Continued from page 32*)

money for new ones and she wanted to look good for this dance here to-night. In some ways it's my fault. Since my wife died I've spoilt the kid, then I suddenly decided it was time I stopped. But you can't start disciplining a girl all in one day. I tried to, but I came up against the wilfulness I had allowed to develop unchecked. If my wife had been alive she would have handled Kathleen better, given her a sense of money without thwarting her and challenging her as I did. That's about all there is. I repeat you can quote me."

One or two of the reporters sheepishly took out their pens and noted down his statement, others walked about the room ignoring his story and trying to appear uninterested.

A greying man of Kim's own age stood up and casually thumped Kim on the shoulder. He was Weldon of the *Express* and a boyhood friend of Kim.

"We're sorry, Kim. If we could avoid filing, we would. I agree with the Principal that it's a rotten yarn to print. But you know how it is. We're powerless to help—it's up to the news editor. Tell you what I will do though. I'll play it down and suggest it's spiked."

"I'll withhold her name," another volunteered, and someone else added: "It's not much of a story, anyway."

Kim turned to them and answered unhappily: "You're wrong, you know. It is a story all right and you'll never get a news editor to kill it. Kathleen was arrested in the ballroom and by now half the town must know something about it. If there's not a line in to-morrow's papers hundreds of people will want to know why. Let's face it—this is a front page sob, and we've got to take it."

Kim voiced their convictions.

"Nevertheless," Weldon insisted, "you can do a lot by the way you write a story, and I know I could talk my paper out of it."

Kim Black's face was drawn, and fatigue showed in the hunched-up attitude of his shoulders. He tried to smile, but managed only a self-conscious shamefaced expression. As Weldon passed he said: "Thank you for trying to help—though I know it's hopeless."

THE following morning the inside page of the *News* published Kim Black's resignation. It said:

"The Editors of the *Universal Daily News* regret to announce the retirement from newspaper work of one of the most widely read columnists in the country, Kim Black. Fearless in his search for truth, Kim Black will be remembered for his uncanny insight into the true facts behind the story. In filing his last message Kim Black has yet again given his readers an exclusive, poignant human story. . . ."

There was a great deal more about Kim and his remarkable aptitude for newspaper-work.

Some readers wondered if this announcement were connected with the pretty eighteen-year-old thief on the front page. The story was signed by Kim Black, and, as usual, was a Kim Black exclusive.

No other newspaper carried the story of Kathleen Mary Black.

END

A Lily for Orestes (*Continued from page 19*)

us busy. One can hardly idle these days."

"You would have preferred fighting I know."

Dane grimaced. "They wouldn't hear of it. Said our place was here, on the land, growing food."

"It is important."

"Yes. We were just unlucky, I guess."

"Roderic, too, riles against his fate," Lily said.

They walked on talking trivialism.

Dane had, of course, dismounted from Dapple. He walked with the reins over his arm. The big mare, desirous of crossing to the lusher side of the lane so that she could snatch mouthfuls as they walked, hung back.

Lifting the reins for Lily to step under them, Dane found her in his arms.

That was the vague part of his memory.

It was such a natural movement that for a second he was unsurprised. Dapple's reins dropped. Spontaneously Dane's arms went round Lily. His lips met her upturned ones, clung.

Dane released Lily and stepped back, breathing hard—to be confronted by Roderic.

That was the ice-cold, deeply etched recollection.

He came in late for supper. Roderic did not come in at all. Mr. Orvel looked up from his paper and his pipe and his slippered ease and frowned when he saw the gory bruises on his son's face. He bit short a question about that, and asked after Roderic.

"He'll be in later I expect, dad," Dane said. He fidgeted with the radio, heard the nine o'clock news, and went up to his room.

Roderic did not appear.

On the following evening Dane faced the curiosity of his father. He told him how he had so unaccountably—at which his father grunted—embraced Lily. And how Roderic had come upon them. He told of the taunt Roderic had flung at them before he strode away leaving Dane upon the ground, Lily ready to scream, and Dapple grazing unconcerned in the hedgerow.

"Well, she played with the nephew," Roderic had accused. "And picked the son with the money."

"I don't know, Dane," Mr. Orvel worried, "that the girl had picked either of you. I can't for the life of me imagine her a farmer's wife."

"I would not have let her come between Roddie and me," (*Continued on page 58*)

"One darned thing . . ."

That 'can't tackle it' feeling shows that the body's strength-reserves are low and need building up. Luckily, cod liver oil — the only unrationed priority food — is easy to get. And it's such a fine natural source of vitamins A and D that doctors recommend it as an 'extra' even in normal times.

SevenSeaS — the most dependable cod liver oil — is much richer in fats and vitamins than butter. It is palatable and digestible, because it is pure and sea-fresh. Take SevenSeaS daily at mealtimes, and you'll soon feel more energetic. And you'll be less likely to catch colds or 'flu.

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PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

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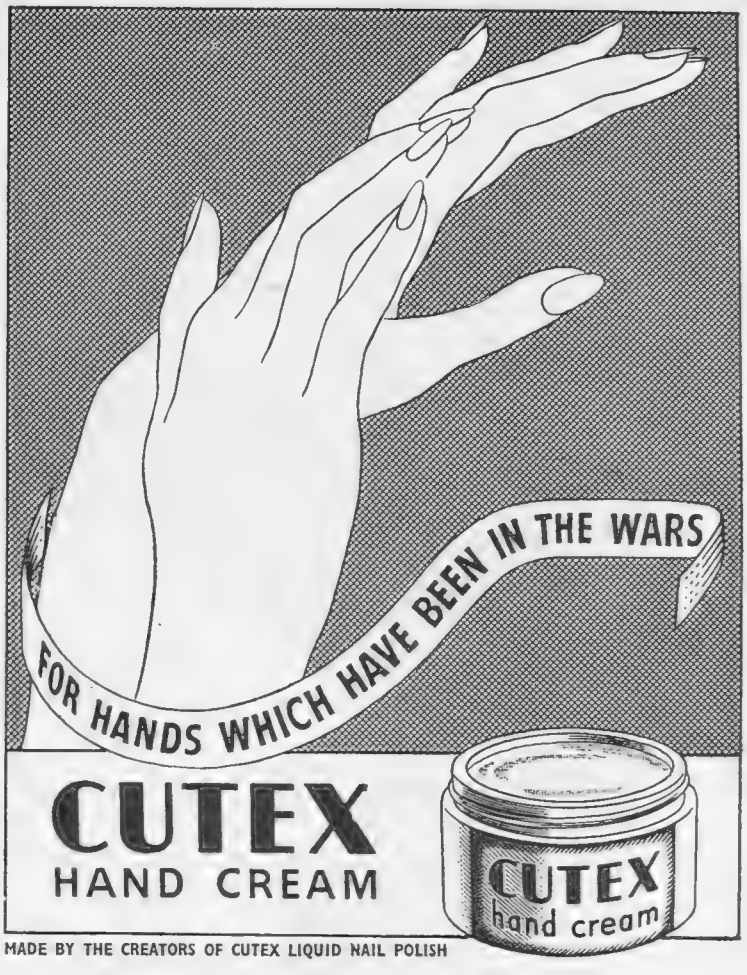

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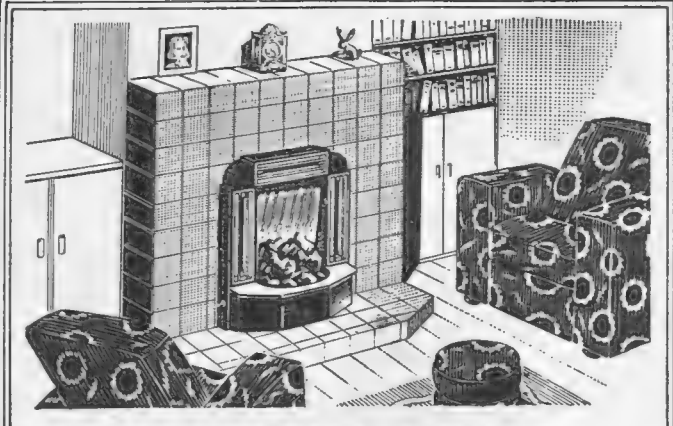

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by Creda

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your constant servant

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Dane said. "I'm very sure of that now."

"Son! You weren't sure before?"

Dane gestured. He said: "No matter, dad. I've got to find Roddie. The only thing I can think of is that he has gone into the war."

Mr. Orvel pulled heavily at his pipe. Somehow he knew what was coming.

"Dad, if Roddie goes, I'll *have* to go."

"Both of you are sons to me. Roderic really knows better than to say a thing like that about money. It's a great pity a painted chit had to come between you."

Dane laughed. "Dad, you're old-fashioned. Lipstick doesn't make a chit. But I think that a kiss just doesn't mean too much to Lily."

It was five weeks before they discovered the whereabouts of Roderic. On hearing, Dane said:—

"Dad, I'd want us both to come back, or stay out there—together. I must go."

"You're your own master, son," Mr. Orvel said. "And I want you to go and bring him back."

The colonel of the county regiment farmed next to the Orvels. He was glad to do an old friend a favour. So that the end of the European War found Dane slowly completing the infantry training course through which Roderic had just previously raced.

Roderic went overseas first. And to the same battalion of the county regiment Dane, under the auspices of the friendly colonel, followed.

And in Burma Dane received a letter from his father containing news of Lily.

He had not yet made contact with Roderic and it was an anxious worrying month before he located him. A hint let fall in company headquarters of his patron, the colonel, procured for Private Dane Orvel a posting to the section of Sergeant Roderic Pentreath.

Pylades went across Burma in search of Orestes.

He de-bussed in the foothills and fought up through the mountain jungle, slouch bush hat thrust back on lank blond hair, his face thinner, its florid redness deepened to a yellowy-umber, his stained and tattered green battledress wringing wet with muck sweat.

With a corporal and two other men Dane went up the line to relieve Sergeant Roderic's outpost. They climbed, stumbling, held by wicked holdfast thorns, snared by lianas. Leeches clamped horribly to them. Myriads of insects clouded them.

"Different from England, Dane," the corporal said.

Dane's thoughts went back to the comfort of the Home Farm set in its cool valleyed greenness. Ah! Soon now, the sight of Roddie would transport that English countryside across the world and plant it imaginatively in this lush-spreading, evilly rotting jungle.

"Much farther, corporal?" he asked.

"'Nother hour," came the answer between grunting splashes.

Glimpses through the foliage at the side of the trail showed the world dropping away and rising again in diminishing ranges like a scenic backcloth painted without perspective in all the graduations possible of blue, green and ochre. In the far distance the jungle seemed but moss clinging to the mountains, a misty cyanic patina. At hand was the strangling mesh of tropic verdure. At intervals aisles like cathedrals with lofting arched branches. Monkeys above chattered warnings at their passing. Exotic birds screeched. There was a ceaseless drone and clack and chirrup of insects. And, heavily over all, the hot, damp primordial silence.

With this nearness of the fighting front Dane felt fear. Of a sudden he was afraid. To get this far towards Roderic—and then be too late!

"How much farther is it?"

"Go easy. Nearly there now."

A track was faintly indicated. The corporal moved up it with trigger-fingered caution, climbed over the ridge.

"Something wrong," he whispered. "They should have hailed us."

The outpost was an advanced one—on the left flank—in a supposedly enemy-free zone.

A Lily For Orestes

It had been carved out on the shoulder of the mountain. Four foxholes were like open graves in the shade. They were empty. Three men they found huddled in the undergrowth. Two were dead. The third badly wounded. The corporal dropped on his knees besides the wounded man.

"How did it happen?"

"Nip sniper—sprayed us——" the wounded man gasped. "Got Haskins—and Yorky—an' me——"

"Roderic Pentreath," Dane prayed. "What happened to him. Where is he?"

"The sergeant?" the wounded man said. "Went out after that sniper. Said he was a country man—knew more about stalking—than any damned Jap—even in the jungle—"

"The crazy fool," the corporal said. "Get a litter rigged up, you two. This chap has got to go down the line quick." He turned. "You, Orvel, stay here and keep your eyes skinned."

Dane said nothing. He would not have obeyed an order to leave the outpost.

They got the wounded man comfortable. They lengthened two foxholes, gave them occupants, filled them in. Then the party went back down the trail. The corporal called back to Dane:—

"Watch out for that crazy cousin of yours."

"I will," Dane promised. He intended, indeed, to do more than that. Sten gun cuddled tight, he stared over the revetment of the outpost.

There was an area of elephant-grass fronting him. Around that the jungle was a steaming green wall that slanted away down on the mountainside. Dane looked over the summits of bamboos, palms, and tall forest trees. Somewhere, out in the menacing, oppressive silence, was Roderic. There came to Dane a verse that was so aptly descriptive of Roderic going out there into the jungle to play the Jap on his own ground.

He had the ploughman's strength
In the grip of his hand.
He could see a crow
Three miles away,
And the trout beneath the stone.
He could hear the green oats growing,
And the sou'west making rain,
And the wheel upon the hill. . . .

But should it not have been "And the Jap upon the hill"?

A shudder broke Dane from that reflection. It was like an epitaph.

Pylades went out in search of Orestes.

He snaked through the elephant-grass almost as cleverly as Roderic would have done, their feathery tips not indicating his passing. He reached the jungle. And thrust in. Big celadon creeper leaves opened and closed behind him as softly as a thick silk curtain.

Dane was in the Stygian shade of the virgin jungle.

It seemed that he fought and searched his way through hell: that he combed and pried in that scratching, stinging, poisonous, mephitic labyrinth for a year. A needle in a haystack was an effortless simile. Finding Roderic was hopeless. Hopeless! There was nothing he could do but return, worn out and in despair, to the outpost.

Not sure of his bearings Dane rose behind a dwarf banana palm to reconnoitre through a hole pierced in a frond. The post was farther away than he had deemed possible. Sorely afflicted he made towards it. His way led him past a giant, patriarchal teak tree that, draped and tented with liana and creepers and grey moss strands, lofted from the craig like a battlemented castle. At its base wild ginger with brilliant crimson flowers grew. Dane circled the tree, examining it. A shadow as from an airplane slid over him. Poised above was a ragged-pinioned vulture, its bare red neck outstretched, its talons uncurled.

That, Dane thought, meant this locality was void of life.

The teak tree's massive trunk soared. Only here and there were patches of its beautiful crocodile-skin bark visible under the parasitical greenery. Directly beneath a huge limb that spread magnificently towards the British outpost was (*Continued on page* 61)

Heather Mixture

To see these smart and gay Dolcis models is to wish to possess them! Exquisitely styled in many lovely colours, they are as fresh and youthful, as they are long wearing and comfortable.

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ALL DOLCIS STORES ARE OPEN DURING NORMAL SHOPPING HOURS AT THEIR CUSTOMERS' SERVICE

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There is a Dolcis Shoe Store in every large Town

"TOPPER"

It would be hard for a Giraffe

To get into a modern bath;

But if he could, he would be wise

To stick to WRIGHT'S, despite his size!

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools. Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

Wright's *Coal Tar Soap*

MAKE WRIGHT'S THE RULE FOR THE TOILET AND NURSERY

a man-tall cluster of malachite sabre leaves. From them rose one thick stem that supported regally a white trumpet blossom. Obscenely about it swarmed a mass of iridescent flies.

Dane was thirty yards past the tree when an abrupt movement caught the corner of his eye. There was a slight, barely perceptible squelching noise. He faced about, tense, gun lifted. Only the mass of flies under the teak moved to attract his attention. But that majestic flower had collapsed, its white and gilt trumpet hung down now on a broken stalk. Dark crimson sticky fluid had spilled into and made it top heavy. Frowning, feeling that it was a portent, Dane made his way back, stooped and scrutinized it.

The vulture sheered off as he leapt suddenly for the teak tree. Sweat blinding him he climbed to the first branch and parted the screen of foliage cautiously. Nothing! He climbed higher. On the great limb that projected towards the British outpost he found Roderic prostrate, unconscious. He was wounded by a knife thrust in his right shoulder. His outflung right hand, still gripping his trench-knife, pointed to the huddled figure of the Japanese sniper he had stalked and killed. It was Roderic's blood that had dripped down to fill and overweigh and collapse that flower that had brought Dane back to the tree: brought Pylades to Orestes.

Roderic came to, bandaged and safe in the

A Lily For Orestes

British outpost. It was a delirious while before he realized that Dane was with him in the flesh.

"Dane! Dane!" he cried.

"It's all right, old chap," Dane soothed. "It's all right."

A long silence before Roderic spoke again. He muttered one word, but a sharp pain cut off the forced smile with which he pronounced it.

"Lily?"

"She married an American flight sergeant almost immediately after you went away, Roddie," Dane told him. "They were flying back to America after the end of the war with Germany. Their airplane was reported missing."

Roderic looked away.

Dane said slowly: "Lily was a grand girl. She didn't want us two fools to part. She brought us together again."

"You mean——" Roderic gasped. "That she sent you out here to me—before—before she——"

"Afterwards, I shall always think," Dane said. "Roddie, I'd given up all hopes of finding you. When a flower attracted my attention to the tree you lay wounded in. Roddie, that flower was a Lily!"

END

It Depends How You Put It On

(*Continued from page* 43)

closing the lips on a piece of clean paper, powder, re-apply lipstick and close on paper again.

Powder should never be rubbed in, but applied freely, with a perfectly clean puff. Then remove excess of powder with a small, soft brush.

Foundations. Finger-tips are generally best for tinted lotion and creams, and in some cases, the creams work in better if fingers are first damped.

Do a profile search to see that make-up is even in front of ear and hair line and that you have not forgotten your neck.

Darker foundation lotion can be used under the eyes to disguise hollows—it can also be used as a continuation of the cheek colour, going over the jawbone for very square faces with heavy jaws. But it should always blend in perfectly with the rest of the face.

Rouge is the worst offender for carelessness round the corners or near the ear. Use that hand mirror carefully, get in a good light. Better no rouge than badly applied rouge. Smile, apply your rouge to the heart of your raised cheek and then smooth it well out. You should never have rouge below your mouth line (except in square jaws), take it up and away towards crowsfeet for almost every shape of face.

Eyeshadow must be on top lid only and the merest tone of colour to emphasize your own eye shade. Take the tone out towards outer corner of eye for counter to a large nose. Never have it heavy in the inner corner, as this closes the eye.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

"The Clear Heart" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) takes me from Portugal to Bengal in the seventeenth to eighteenth centuries with a colourful story of a Venetian sculptor who rescues from "worse than death" a lovely Rajput princess captured in battle and bought for the harem of Shah Shuja. "I have sworn before Surya, the Sun God," she tells her rescuer, "that no man of the faith of those who killed my father shall possess me." Romantic background, native customs, are described vividly. One delightful custom is for the lovers—naturally, they become that—each to float a little saucer-lamp boat on a stream and wish. "If the wish is to be granted, then the lamps will sail far away; but if the waters quench their lights, then we shall know what to accept and endure." When one flickers out they are so rapturously kissing that they forget whose it was, but what matter? Shall they not find happiness in a Tale of Old Bengal?

ON page one of Miss Hermina Black's "Gift of the Desert" (Hale, 9s. 6d.) we are in the Sahara, listening to the muezzin's call from distant minaret. I wonder, I thought, if she brings in that bit about "A book of verses underneath the bough. A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and *thou*. . ." and sure enough, there it was on page 163 to clinch the love story of Primrose Lorrimer who goes galloping into the desert, gets lost, and finds a mystery man, Charles, living in a tent in Arab dress. Why? Can it possibly have anything to do with the impending landing of Allied troops in Algiers? After much desert adventure featuring sheiks and camels we find out, to our satisfaction, and wilderness is paradise enow . . . meaning, this is a full-blown, exotic story.

MOONLIGHT, mimosa, music, and the *pimiento* trees of the Argentine wait to enchant us in Miss Ruth Alexander's "Engagement with a Star" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). They enchanted Lea so much, when she stayed there with friends, that she said: "Yes"—like that, straight out—when a rich Argentine asked her to marry him. But Chris, a fast worker, had other ideas about Condover, contrived to get himself on the boat that took Lea back home, and stage for them both a delicious idyll in Madeira. The story is concerned mainly with the jealous rivalry between the two men, and it would take a nobler woman than Lea not to relish the situation, at least until it leads to tragedy for one of them. This is love one has to fight for, with suspense in the conflict and pursuit.

WE range over much of underground Europe in Mr. Stanley F. Donath's "A Time to Hate" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), for it portrays the dangerous, exciting quest of a young Czech refugee who sets out from New York to get the S.S. man (identified) who killed his father. In the dark, sordid catacombs of a continent at war he finds love, adventure, and tragedy, and emerges from his experiences a (*Continued on page* 62)

How to prepare strained vegetables when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 1. CARROTS

1 Choose large but not coarse carrots, with a good deep colour. Cut in thick slices and simmer for 1 hour. Add only enough water to keep from sticking.

2 When finished cooking, drain and press through a fine sieve. The carrot purée should be very fine and free from any roughness.

3 Sieved vegetables, such as carrots and spinach, may be given to baby when he is five months old—a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. At six months, the two o'clock feed can consist entirely of strained vegetables, with milk to drink. Unfortunately, the demand for Brand's Baby Foods is greater than the supply. But when you can't get Brand's, you can prepare vegetables for your baby at home.

Cut out this recipe for future reference.

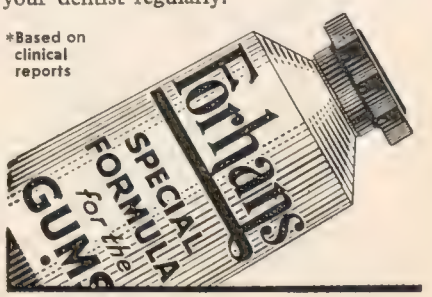
BRAND'S BABY FOODS prepared by the makers of **Brand's Essence of Chicken**

Strained Carrots, Spinach, Prunes; also Bone and Vegetable Broth, 7½d. a bottle.

***4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble** *but not me!*

Guard against — *Tender, Sore, Spongy and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists for many years have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports



Peggy Sage hopes...

that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. Many of the ingredients essential to the making of fine polishes were also essential in war industry, but now we can hope that small supplies of these components may be released. The Peggy Sage salon continues to give its clients every possible attention.

Peggy Sage

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Women of Action especially appreciate the easy and hygienic insertion assured by the Tampax individual applicator

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NO BELTS
NO PINS
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changed man. There is plenty of emotional stress and excitement in this drama of vengeful hate.

ANOTHER war story involving much trekking about Europe is Miss Helen MacInnes's **"Horizon"** (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), which describes the adventures of Peter Lennox after escaping from an Italian prison camp to the Tyrol. He is an artist; his right hand is badly wounded; he can go south to join the Allies, and get proper surgical attention, or north to help the Austrian resistance movement and probably lose the use of it. He chooses the latter. One of the many dramatic characters he encounters is an Austrian girl, unjustly suspected of being a Nazi spy, who shoots her collaborator uncle and is shot by the Germans. This is a well-told story with graphic Tyrolean background.

OUR travels with Mr. Jeffrey Farnol's **"The Piping Times"** (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.) are along the Pilgrim's Way and west to Cornwall in the past century, sharing the adventures of a young hero, Tom Wade, who finds more romance than he bargains for when he sets about reconditioning an old family house which had fallen into decay, and meets a lariat-throwing American girl as spirited and untamed as the horses she rides. Here, in plenty, are the old manor houses, rustic inns, flagons of ale, and barons of beef of "Broad Highway" tradition, linked with a jaunty olde worlde story.

PART of the hidden West End is the expensive club dive, haunt of "heavily made-up middle-aged women who gave the impression that they had once lived by their looks and were now feverishly trying to preserve the remains in alcohol," of "men dispossessed and born have-nots who wander through temporary jobs and cheap lodgings, seldom starving, never affluent, usually clinging on to a few wealthier friends." Mr. Dennis Parry's **"Atalanta's Case"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.) is a brilliant study of this kind of life and its bright, brittle backchat, featuring the love story of Rosie, a half-Chinese film extra and club hostess, and Rolfe Maxwell, a young "Radar" scientist who is drawn by chance into her underworld. His characters—Waldo, the ex-pug; Oliver, the fake spy—may be wasters, but they have the courage to go down "thumbing their noses at fate."

MISS ILKA CHASE, daughter of U.S. editor of "Vogue," hit success of the New York production, "The Women," knows all about Beauty Mills. Her heroine of **"In Bed We Cry"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) runs one: "The client went through the green door at 10 a.m., and she emerged at five, feeling like a new man. Furthermore, her chances of snaring one were good, for she had experienced the Works: oil treatment, hair styling, permanent, manicure, body massage, exercise, facial, high colonic, herb luncheon, and mental life; the Viennese psychiatrist on 'The Submissive Approach to Feminine Allure.'" Devon Elliot has built up a big business this way, aided by husband Tim who gave up serious research on treatment for burns to direct her cosmetics "lab." But the war drives him back to research, and Devon—for solace—into the arms of a lover. Devon is a joy; her story, a delight for the sophisticated and civilized reader. Wit, humour, heart-pang, and all the inside secrets of the U.S. beauty racket. What more would you, in an up-to-the-minute novel to read, relish, and discuss with the Right People.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Poems From Italy." Verses written by members of the Eighth Army in Sicily and Italy, July, 1943–March, 1944. (Harrap, 6s.).

"Miniature Alpine Gardening," by Lawrence D. Hills (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). Garden building, planting, propagation and every aspect of Alpine gardening are dealt with in detail.

"Training for Childbirth." From the mother's point of view, by Minnie Randell (J. & J. Churchill Ltd., 10s. 6d.).

"The Life and Times of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice," by M. E. Sara (Stanley Paul, 18s.). The life story of Princess Beatrice which embodies the history of the women of England during this time. The book is not only personal but also symbolic. It has a universal appeal.

END

These Discoveries Changed Human Life

(Continued from page 15)

Modern mining of metal and coal, and engineering works like tunnelling, oil-well sinking, canal-cutting and railway building, would scarcely be possible without dynamite.

Bill Perkins, eighteen, a builder's son studying chemistry, tried to oxidize a new substance called aniline. The result was a tarry deposit in the precipitate. It stuck to his fingers. He took up a rag to clean it off. Lo! the rag turned mauve. He tried it on silk. Mauve again. By chance he had fallen through into the secret and enchanted world of the aniline dyes. His father set up a factory. At thirty-five Bill retired with a fortune and devoted himself to his first love, research.

The sixty-one-year-old Scot, Alexander Fleming, Professor of Bacteriology in London University, was growing bacteria in his laboratory. One day in September, 1928, he was annoyed to find a batch strangled by what looked like a bit of cheese mould. Scientific curiosity made him pass on the green mould and dead bacteria to a colleague, Dr. Howard Florey, of Oxford, who was conducting researches into moulds. Florey and others probed and experimented until they had extracted a yellow-brown crystalline stuff. This was penicillin, the most powerful bacteria-killer known to date. It took time to evolve methods of making the penicillin pure. Bulk production was not achieved until half-way through the war. But fifteen years from discovery to mass production is a feat even by latter-day velocity standards. Teamwork and lavish government war-spending explain it.

One thing leads to another; but neither soon, nor smoothly. A germinal mind sprouts an idea; a century, or ten, may pass before it can be meshed with man's everyday life through a practical application. Hero of Alexandria had the basic idea for the internal combustion engine. Nineteen centuries elapsed before Oliver Evans of Delaware made the first motor car. Hero lacked essential metals. He did not know about petroleum.

Leonardo da Vinci had ideas far in advance of sixteenth-century technology. Airmen fought First World War without parachutes, but Leonardo made the sketches for one, along with designs for a flying machine and a helicopter. For Beatrice d'Este, wife of his Milan patron, he constructed an apparatus which cooled the air in her summer villa by contacting it with moving water—the basic idea of air-conditioning. A slave operated the apparatus; we use electricity.

Marconi is the popular "inventor of wireless." But the first wireless signals were transmitted through water 200 years ago. Loomis, a Chicago chemist, demonstrated with kites and a galvanometer that signals could be sent without wires. He took out a patent before Marconi was born. Heinrich Hertz discovered electro-magnetic waves in time for young Marconi to study and learn how to make them at Bologna University. Marconi took out his first patent in 1896. Oliver Lodge would have anticipated him if he had concentrated on wireless instead of dispersing his activities.

Pasteur is dramatized as the founder of bacteriology. He was not working on disease and its cure when he made his first bacteriological discoveries. He *(Continued on page 64)*

Do your teeth complete your charm?

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Cephos does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form. 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3. 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d. Including Purchase Tax.

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
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SEE THE NAME EVERY CARD
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THE SPRING GRIP THAT CAN'T SLIP

Beauty is skin deep

MELTONIAN CREAM will nourish and beautify the leather skins of which your shoes are made, keeping them soft and supple, and giving a fine lasting polish.
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These Discoveries Changed Human Life

was doing a job of work on beer fermentation for the brewers.
The Jew, Cohn, of Breslau, was busy on bacteria before Pasteur, and the first human eye to spot bacteria belonged to the seventeenth-century Dutch draper, Leeuwenhoek, who looked through his home-made magnifying glass at a drop of water, and saw those "little animals" too small for the human eye to detect. Leeuwenhoek's microscope founded the dynasty whose latest descendant is the electronic microscope which by-passes light vibrations and magnifies 100,000 times.

A fortune-hunting American inventor, de Forest, founded the science of electronics. Forty years ago he hit on the simple device which made possible the electronic tube—the grid which builds weak electric impulses into enormously powerful currents by canalizing and boosting the stream of electrons which make up electricity. All the modern electronic industries—sound pictures, broadcasting, radio-telephony, radar, and a hundred more—owe their existence to de Forest's grid.

Periodically, war intrudes as a catalyst to speed processes. Three thousand years before the Anglo-American team-up of hundreds of scientists, thousands of workers, and £500,000,000 to pack a century of work on intra-atomic energy into five years, the king of Syracuse co-opted Archimedes and put the state treasury and a labour corps behind him as the Roman aggressors besieged the city from the sea. Modern engineers could not function without Archimedes' war-fostered discoveries—the laws of the lever, the compound pulley, the hydraulic screw.

Wireless was stuck in the rut of Morse and marine communication when First World War forced research for a portable radio set. The radio-telephone was devised for the army, as the principle of interchangeability (mass production) was invented by Whitney specifically to make 10,000 muskets on government contract, and mass-production of synthetic rubber came suddenly through military necessity. The radio-telephone of the First World War utilized narrow casting. Out of that, in 1920, came broadcasting. Within another decade radio had changed the pattern of our lives.

By the turn of the century the world's soil was being exhausted by machine agriculture, and the gigantic crops needed to feed a hugely expanded world population. Nitrogen had to be put back to refertilize the earth. It came from the only large natural deposit, the saltpetre beds in Chile. What would happen when that supply was used up? Sir William Crookes provided the answer: World famine. He also gave the theoretical remedy: synthetic nitrogen. Science remained baffled by that problem when the First World War arrived and the British Fleet cut off Germany's nitrate supply.

But the Germans had Professor Haber. That chemist said he could make nitrogen synthetically by mixing one volume of nitrogen with three of hydrogen in the presence of a catalyst, iron, if he could bring the materials together at red heat and under tremendous pressure. It seemed beyond the resources of chemical engineering. However, an explosives and poison-gas-hungry government provided men and money, Haber built a £10,000,000 plant at Oppau, and by 1916 had 6,000 men producing 200 tons of the stuff a day. Two other enormous plants followed, and Germany's fertilizer and explosives problem was solved. The first plant was not perfect. In 1921 it blew up, wiping out a whole community. But the world problem of extracting nitrogen from the air was solved.

The feat might have been achieved earlier if metallurgy had measured up to such demands as a steel retort to withstand pressures of 3,000 lb. to the sq. in. But materials have braked and baffled scientists' dreams through the ages. Having invented the telescope, Galileo could not envisage one reaching 1,200,000,000 light years into space. Resources needed to make the 200-in. mirror which equips the Mount Palomar Observatory telescope were lacking, along with tools to grind a lens to one-millionth-of-an-inch accuracy, and knowledge of how to increase the light-reflecting power by coating the mirror with fine aluminium four-millionths of an inch thick. Galileo didn't know about aluminium anyway.

It has been like that with the atomic bomb, too—luckily for us. Work on atomic disintegration stems from the German savant, Otto Hahn, who succeeded in making a radium substitute, mesothorium. One great barrier was down, but the Italian, Fermi, moved through and on to the next stage. Fermi had at his service in Columbia University, where he worked, a piece of equipment which Hahn lacked, the newly-invented cyclotron. Powered by electricity and magnetism at immense pressures, this massive piece of atomic artillery enormously increased the velocity of atomic bullets. It compared with the radium gun of earlier atom-busters as an air-gun using soft-lead pellets compares with a 12-bore blasting a charge of heavy buckshot.

The Nazis did not like their atom-busters. They concentrated scientific brains, labour, plant and money to robot and rocket bombs. They didn't think the atomic bomb could be developed in time for use in the Second World War. This view was shared by most Anglo-American scientists not in the secret. They were very nearly right.

How long will it be now, ten or a hundred years, before atomic energy can be controlled and used to raise human living standards and ease human work, instead of disintegrating cities and vaporizing human beings? Your guess is as good as mine or anybody else's.

END

The Stone Houses Of Old England

(*Continued from page* 16)

laid beneath the shadow of the churches they had built or restored, succeeding generations of masons maintained the old traditions.

During the Middle Ages oolite was used extensively for church construction. Its superb working qualities, exemplified in the fan-vaulted Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster, were so highly esteemed that the stone was often carried vast distances despite the difficulties of medieval transport. The ancient Barnack quarries in Northamptonshire, famous in Roman days, furnished stone for the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds and for other important East Midland churches.

Wherever used Cotswold oolite is pre-eminent, but, perhaps, it is most impressive in the pure atmosphere of its native wolds, where it is also the traditional roofing material. When laid by an expert a roof of homespun tiles is remarkably watertight, whilst its beauty increases with passing years.

In a minor degree, on Cotswold and elsewhere, the primitive craft of slat-making still persists. During autumn when the turf is removed from the top strata, the stone responds readily to the pick, breaking away in flakes of requiste thickness; but the larger blocks extracted from a depth of over four feet are covered with damp earth to retain the "sap" until winter. Then the blocks are placed so that frost can make work easier for the slatting-hammer; and, after the flakes have been squared, trimmed and pegholed, they are stacked in piles to be dried by the spring winds.

Stone-slates are made in various sizes, the smallest for fixing below the roof-ridge, the largest at the eaves. Queer terms distinguish the different slats, such as wivetts, bachelors, movedays, cocks, becks, cuttings, elevens to sixteens, follows and eaves—names that are melody to skilled slaters. In certain districts some bear even more romantic titles like Jenny-why-Gettest-thou and Rogue-why-Winkest-thou.

Oolite roofs, if kept in good repair, are practically imperishable. How extraordinary that Nature should adorn them with soft-hued lichen, the most enduring order of all plants!

END

ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne retains all the subtle fragrance of the 15th century Continental original, because it has always been made from this traditional recipe, first used in England by Mr. James Atkinson in 1799. In 1940 manufacture ceased, but ladies who think of Atkinsons as only a fragrant memory, will be glad to know that Atkinsons extensive orange groves in Tunisia are being maintained in perfect condition; which means that as soon as restrictions are removed, we shall be able to start immediately to make this refreshing essence to revive their spirits and crystallise their charm once more.

ATKINSONS *Eau de Cologne*

OLD BOND STREET

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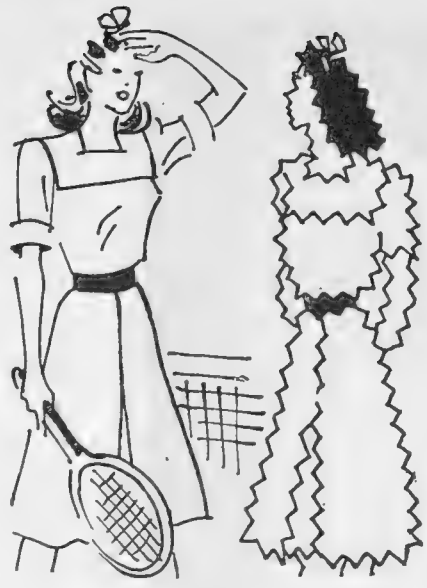

A crumpled frock's a handicap anywhere! So remember the pass-word to band-box freshness—ask for rayons branded 'Tebilized.' They de-wrinkle themselves, and laundering doesn't make them limp. Remember, only fabrics which satisfy a high standard of crease-resistance are branded 'Tebilized.'

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TEBILIZED

have tested crease-resistance . . .

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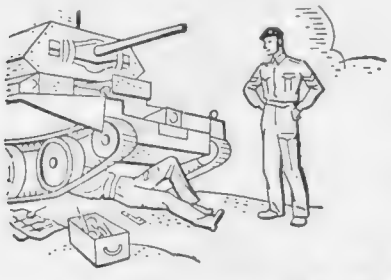


Another JOB of work!

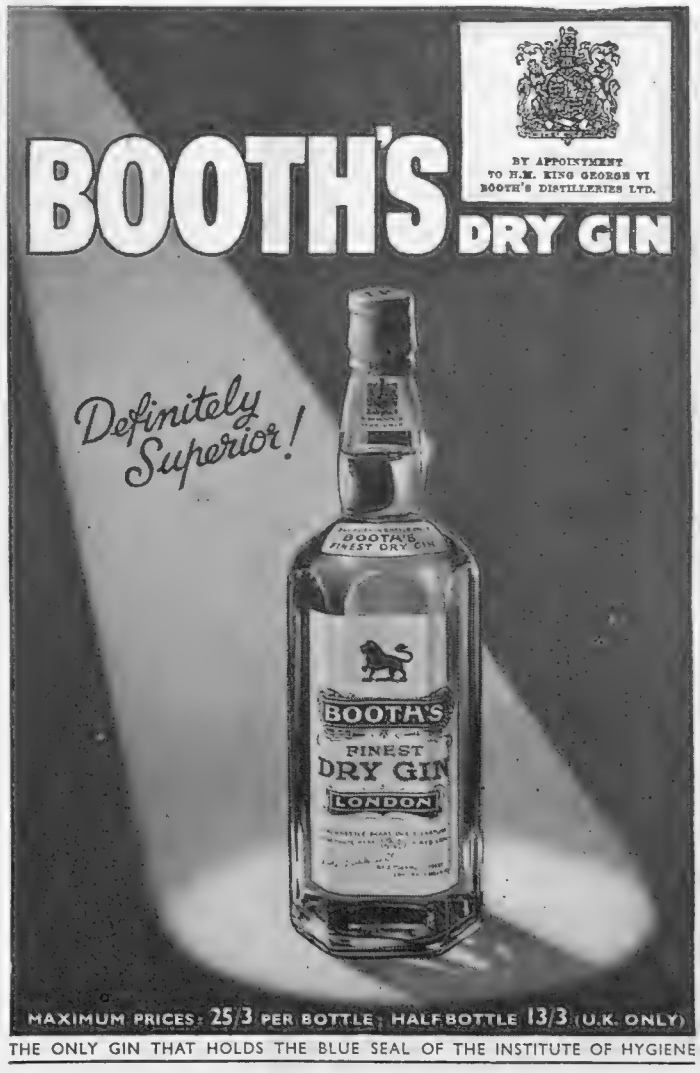
Peacetime, too, has its tasks and problems. The home circle comes into its own . . . small jobs for Dad . . . more family responsibilities. The care of our children's health particularly is a duty of the first importance.

Now, as always, 'Milk of Magnesia' is proving a reliable remedy in children's ailments, especially in cases of digestive upsets.

In peace, as in war, 'Milk of Magnesia' will carry on its good work in the home, helping to keep the family fit.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia



THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

Happy Baby!
To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure healthful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum *every day*. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin. *Of all Chemists & Stores.* 198
Cuticura
TALCUM POWDER
FOR THE TOILET BATH AND NURSERY
Cuticura
TALCUM
FOR BABY

Short-Waist Sweater

(*Continued from page* 36)

at the same time dec. 2 sts. every row at the neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 40 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond with the last set of 40 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front, until after armhole shaping (96 sts.). Work for 3 ins., divide sts. for the back opening. Work 48 sts. (place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle). Work for 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row, then work ½ in. at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 48 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. Rib 2 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Change to main patt. and work 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following, until 90 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 46 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 4 sts. Work 13 ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

SLEEVE EDGINGS (2)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts., work in plain knitting for 5 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck edging, turn over on the inside and stitch down. Stitch on the sleeve edging in the same way. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work 3 button loops. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Low-Necked Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

Rep. from * until the last 9 sts., m. 1, k. 5, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2.

12th row.—P. These 12 rows form patt. Work until 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 99 sts. remain. Work 4 ins.

SHAPE BACK OF NECK

Work 39 sts., cast off 21 sts., work 39 sts. Work on the last 39 sts. (placing the first 39 sts. on a spare needle) for 3 ins., at the same time casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 31 sts. remain, then casting off 3 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Return to the 39 sts. on spare needle, join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first 39 sts.

FRONT

Work as for the back until 99 sts. remain after armhole shaping. Work 1 in. on these 99 sts.

SHAPE FRONT OF NECK

Work 39 sts., cast off 21 sts., work 39 sts. Work on the last set of 39 sts. for 6 ins., at the same time casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next and every neck edge row until 31 sts. remain. Then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 25 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of every armhole end row 5 times.

Return to the first 39 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 85 sts. Work in patt. for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and work 4 ins.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 4 rows.

Next row.—Rib 2, cast off 2, rib 2.

Next row.—Rib 2, cast on 2, rib 2. Continue in ribbing to go all round the neck, making holes in every 8th row.

SLEEVES

Make 2 more bands in the same way as neck band to go round the lower edge of sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Press on the wrong side each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck band. Sew on sleeve bands. Press all seams. Thread cord or elastic at the lower edge of blouse.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; beg. = beginning; tog. = together; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; m. = make; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over; patt. = pattern; ins. = inches.

END

Town or Country Life

(*Continued from page* 29)

in fact, the *sine quâ nons* of country life and every little transaction—the matutinal delivery of oven-hot loaves, the laundry-van's arrival, the butcher's boy with the corned beef, the farm-hand with a load of logs—engenders a few moments of light chatter.

One is never too busy to pass the time of day . . . because there is the feeling that all the day lies before one. Gradually, the town-dweller, metamorphosized into country-dweller, becomes restfully aware of a *dolce far niente*, a mañana, mañana attitude; ceases to feel that time is hurrying by and all must hurry with it.

The quiet of the countryside cannot be overestimated as a blessing; it is as soothing to the nerves as a hot bath after an overdose of exercise.

Farms may be noisy enough in their own way, of course, and poultry-keepers are apt to be aroused early in the morning. But the noontide hush in the fields, the afternoon hush in the garden, the night-time hush in the house . . . these have to be heard (it really is possible to hear the absence of continual sound) to be believed in, to be revelled in.

In the country, furniture, silver, pictures, linen, stay clean when they start clean; they are not subject to continual assaults from soot-laden air. Granted reasonable amenities—not so rare as townsfolk imagine—in the shape of electric light and power and other main services, housework is considerably less of a burden than it is in town. Nor is the housewife's catering rôle so difficult, since food of some kind or another is less of a struggle to come by.

The little pleasures of a country life, in a house with a garden, include the growing of flowers and the gratification of picking them (I, ex-wartime Londoner, have not yet grown accustomed to the satisfaction of being able to fulfil that old-fashioned task of "doing the flowers" in every room, economically possible under these garden-owning conditions); cooking and eating the fruit and vegetables that one has tended oneself; receiving visits from friends in a quiet

For home pickling—red cabbage, onions, green tomatoes, beetroot and other vegetables—you'll get a fuller and richer flavour when you use Goodall's Pickling Spice. Whole spice (not ground). Use like this. Take 1 oz. spice to each quart of vinegar. Tie in a muslin bag. Bruise well, drop into the vinegar and boil for the required time, according to recipe. Leave in till cold but remove before bottling. Use also for sousing mackerel and herrings.

Made by the makers of "Yorkshire Relish"
Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds

PICKLING SPICE 18

For Smarter Shoes use
CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
TINS 3p, and 6p, CB DH

Hurrah, BERMALINE BREAD for tea!
Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat— and easily digested.
Baked by good Bakers everywhere.
Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO-LTD-IBROX-GLASGOW.

"atmosphere" that makes connected conversation possible; wood fires all the year round; an open front-door; white curtains that stay white; associatively rural sounds from bird and beast; shopping for picture postcards and biscuits, for fish paste and dish cloths, in the village post office; reading or weeding in a sheltered corner of the garden; privacy without aloofness; and the sense of leisure that comes from unhurried, unflurried living.

Thanks to the radio and the gramophone, the music-lover need suffer no total deprivation; should he or she live within reach of a town of any importance, concerts and plays of some quality are usually accessible.

But, you will say, the disadvantages of country life have not yet been listed . . . and surely they are many? That, I deny; granted a comfortable house, however modest, and a reasonable plan of living, I can see no disadvantages peculiar to the country—none that are not applicable to town life. It is true that when the weather is cold or wet or windy, there seems to be lots more of it than in the confines of a city street, but, then, one is suitably dressed to deal with it.

What must be conceded is that the very young, quite naturally, usually prefer the gaieties and gregariousness of town . . . and if one *must* live in a town, let it be London!

END.

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

which was particularly good for arms and legs. You can still get depilatory gloves for 1s. 6d. a pair. It is wise to powder the arms and legs well before using the depilatory gloves, and rub the hair off very gently with a circular movement.

3. There are the well-known cream depilatories such as Veet which are clean, practical and quick, and made for underarm hair or hair on the arms and legs. These creams shrivel up the hair, and if used according to instructions, leave the skin soft and smooth.

4. For superfluous hair on the chin and upper lip, the wax depilatories are as good as any. There are sets for home use, and almost any beauty parlour includes a wax treatment for removal of facial superfluous hair. The wax, when properly applied, will pull the hair out from the root. It may possibly weaken the growth, but it does not destroy the root.

5. For eyebrows the best method is the one used by beauty parlours in eyebrow shaping. Follicle forceps, which are a special type of tweezers, are used, and each hair is pulled out in the direction in which it grows.

6. The only safe, permanent cure used by the cosmetic trade for the destruction of superfluous hair, is electrolysis. Unless this is done expertly fine scarring will be left, and the root will not be destroyed.

When you come to think of it, nothing on earth is permanent, so why should there be a permanent cure for superfluous hair? No woman expects her permanent wave to remain permanent. All you can do is choose the method of treatment which gives you the best result while it lasts. This is just as true of depilatories as it is of other beauty treatment.

END

The Joyce Trio

JOYCE shoe addicts—and most women are or aim to be—have something agreeable to look forward to in the co-ordinated Joyce trio . . . Joyce California Casual Shoe, shoulder strap handbag, pull on gloves . . . all to match in warm bright red.

In America, women are already wearing them happily, and reporting that the gloves and handbag match up to the shoes in comfort, wearability and styling, as well as colour and leather.

Over here, we shall have to wait a while for restrictions to be relaxed and more labour to be available before the manufacture starts in earnest. But they're on the way.

THE pharmacist insists on accuracy. Take a "drop" of liquid, for instance. The gravity-formed "drop" can vary in size, so he uses the "minim" measure shown here. This extreme accuracy is essential when measuring potent fluid medicaments, of which the prescribed dose may be only one or two minims. Long practice and skilled training make the pharmacist a stickler for accuracy—and for quality in the goods that he dispenses and recommends. The pharmacist's advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

Euthymol
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The Women Of Germany . . .

(*Continued from page* 13)

she conjured of the classic Polka who kept the national spirit alive for over a century when Poland was "knocking on the coffin-lid," by teaching the children never to forget. This young woman opposite me—what might she already be telling her boy-child?

The lakeside had many limbless German Luftwaffe officers. This girl would sit out with them at night under the trees and now she was sitting with me, and the same went for the girl waitresses in the nearby American mess. One was already in U.S. uniform with badge and slacks. A second flaunted an outsize crucifix on her chest. But they divided their leisure between us and men whose looks as we'd passed them, were of pure hate.

What was really in these young women's minds? Had all the Hitler Maiden stuff really gone with the tempest, and could they really be such speeding little beasts to the memory of their men, their boy-friends dead, maimed and scattered in prison camps round Europe? I could not bring myself to believe that they weren't playing a deep game, even as I suspected that my smiling row-boat companion hated my guts (pardon the nicety) as one of those who had brought this ghastly ruin upon Germany and wiped out her Fuehrer.

What would be surprising if she did feel that way?

IN the rush of these days, we are apt to overlook that Goebbels created a special department for the Nazification of women. I myself had to be reminded of it by a beefy fellow still at large on the Chiemsee, further south than Lake Tegern, who used to be in the department and had it all pat.

According to Hans Schmidt, Goebbels opened Hitler's mind to the fact that his war of world conquest was bound to bring heavy casualties and that when millions of homes felt the chill of these lists the morale of the women would be the most important psychological factor. Hitler agreeing, the first move was to spread the tale that he was handsome —"*Der Schoene Adolf*"—and a private photographer thought and thought the Fuehrer's face out, finally deciding that the grey eyes had it, which led to the most popular portrait of all, in colour.

From that to painting the good-looking one as inaccessibly chaste, was the obvious step, and once their erotic side had been titillated the great majority of German women of all ages and persuasions fell for the rest of the programme. "We coloured our women through inspiration in the Press, on the air, in the theatre and films," said Hans. The idea was not to glorify them but to show what a presiding part they played. Finally, stage three was to send cohorts of speakers round the country, who had been trained in how to appeal to the feminine mind and shade it into patriotism.

Meanwhile, something else was going on. Every girl-child in Germany got the best conducive to physical well-being, the best of food, clothes, holidays, everything. At times the going was stiff. In 1936, I attended a torchlight rally of 4,000 maidens in the main square of Nuremberg, when the girls had to stand four hours, torches alternately aloft and on the hip, before the haranguers were even due. They fainted and were carried off in scores, and as regularly returned, so we investigated. And what we found was a special clinic in a side street, for reviving them with spirits and "shots."

The faintings had been foreseen, and the girls duly prepared for them. If those hours of standing made their limbs larger and stronger so that they might breed a super-race for their Fuehrer, they offered their painful hardening with a flowing emotion. And now, there they are, all over Germany and millions like them, possessing a radiant health as a result of what Hitler did for them. No doubt the Occupation will get them down in time, in the troglodyte towns and cities, but I don't think it will alter them much in the countryside whither so many young women have trekked and gone pastoral in a free-love atmosphere as the German male is progressively made available to them.

I know a very different picture could be painted. I, too, have seen German women in the depths—and they are three or four to one man wherever I've been. I've seen them working in gangs, clearing away rubble; sitting chewing black bread at midday; standing silently and worn out in queues a hundred yards long, at the end of which dried beans may or may not still be procurable. I've watched them ravenously holding out bags, boxes and aprons for potatoes, and tramping "home" at eventide, pushing prams and barrows and pulling handcarts, or weighed down with old suit-cases, parcels and rucksacks. Containing what? As likely as not, all they've got on this earth.

Yes, that picture is accurate too. But it does not efface the bolder image.

After all, German women were not only geared to the Nazi machine as integrally as men, but were in salient ways its chief support. They derived a perverse pleasure from the feudal role to which the doctrines of Hitler reduced them, and that student spoke a mouthful when he once opined: "I would not be standing here, if from the very beginning of our battle many, yes, very many, women had not felt themselves bound up with this movement and had not given it their support from its very first day."

This man was to take from German women their homes, children, lovers, jobs and careers. You'd imagine they'd look upon him as a sort of satanic visitation, but try again. Of course, all kinds of women are numbed and past everything save the daily hunt for bare sustenance. They neither recriminate nor complain, nor do they cry or wear mourning. They are like sad automata. The only tears in public, anyway, are of hopelessness and exhaustion. Only once did I see a German woman not only in mourning but crying obviously for a lost one, and she had gone away to a lonely park seat. But even if a high proportion of middle-aged and older women are trying to forget Hitler, of which I found no evidence, a hard core of younger women will tell you to your face: "*Hitler war ein guter Mensch.*" Hitler was a good man.

All over Germany are demobilized women and girls akin to our Ats and Waafs, and that's what they say. If they are feeling really frisky like young Luftwaffe typist, Ursula Gaede, heading a convoy of German Waafs, they'll make it: "We are still one hundred per cent behind Hitler." Or you will collect the frigid stare of S.S. women, looking fine in coloured silk shirts and very short silk shorts. I came upon 3,000 of these hearties being dispersed in one small centre.

I call all these the girls the Fuehrer left behind him, and they are the most striking persons in Germany to-day. None of them has been put under any kind of restraint, save a tiny few horror-camp attendants like Irma Grese, "a young, mild-eyed S.S. woman, who looks like a Hollywood star, and has had more evidence taken against her for cruelty than any other woman." Mrs. Hess and Mrs. Keitel and Mrs. Jodl, and dozens of their exalted kidney, sit back in their Bavarian chalets and intone in common "Hitler was a good man." Another day, at Traunstein, I came across one Margaretha Pelzner, who had had charge of the health of all the women at German Army Grand Headquarters. Every one of these 500 ultra-Nazi women are back in circulation.

I COULD not track down what truth there may be in the story that the former leader of all the women's organization, Gertrude Scholtz-Klink, had gone underground to weave a resistance movement. Obviously, a prime target would be a job under Military Government, or even in messes and such like. Many young German women are already so employed and one wonders if the screening or "vetting" process lapsed in ratio to their allure.

Lithe and athletic, bright-eyed and clear-complexioned, Marlenesque hair-style but no make-up, trim, clean and dressed in the fruits of conquest—such is the girl Hitler left behind him and one that, I believe, is capable of staging a brand of *Kermesse Héroique* of her own. You remember the pith of that film—with what results the women of a Dutch town appeased the conquering Spaniards?

Okay, so what, you may say. Supposing they are vipers? What are you going to do about it? We can't stop them cooing to their offspring about Hitler.

How right you are. But we can look upon this special generation of young German women as having been conditioned into rather more than chattels. Quite a few need to be tracked down and kept in quarantine every bit as much as male Nazis are held for an indefinite curative period, while the practice of taking attractive ex-"Mice" into Military Government bureaux calls for a heck of a lot of prior screening. And the troops should be given protective "Fräulein" lessons. Not to turn them against her charms, but to warn them of her likely use for propaganda purposes, ferreting information, and whispering campaigns.

The troops might be told what happened "last time"—to wit, 1922—at which o'clock "Fräulein" told us to go and boil ourselves, having been issued with a *Kein Verkehr* (no association) ordinance by the budding Nazis. History may repeat itself.

END

The Old Order Changeth . . .

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cockpit. There was a crash and then sudden darkness all around him which he knew was the water and he tried to scream without opening his mouth, and then he was out of the cockpit and not sure whether he was dead or alive; his head was bursting and his arms and legs seemed to have become powerless.

HE was lying in a bunk and someone was bending over him. A voice from very far away said:

"We fished you out of the drink—thanks for getting that ruddy aircraft—he damn nearly got us first!"

He opened his eyes more fully and looked round him.

"This is the destroyer!" he said.

The man leaning over him nodded his head.

"You dodged that 'fish' pretty well—it was a damn fine effort!"

"Just ship handling," said Gerald Instone, "a dull subject as you know, but a useful one at times!"

Peter Cross sat up.

"Well I'm damned!" he said.

The other grinned.

"I reckon we've learnt a bit from each other today," he said. "Very good for us. By the way, you didn't have a pipe with you, so I thought you might like mine—you *do* smoke a pipe, don't you?"

END

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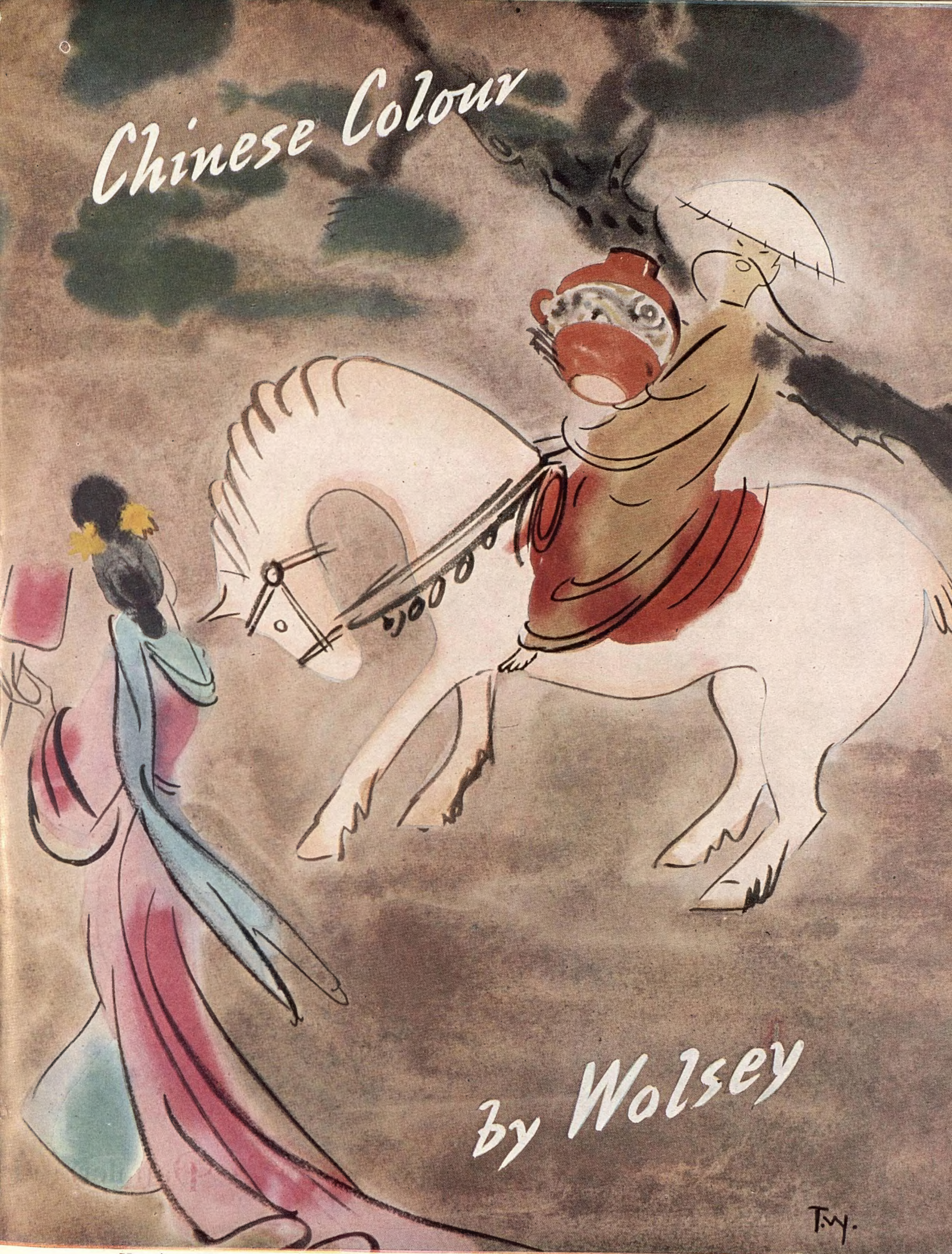

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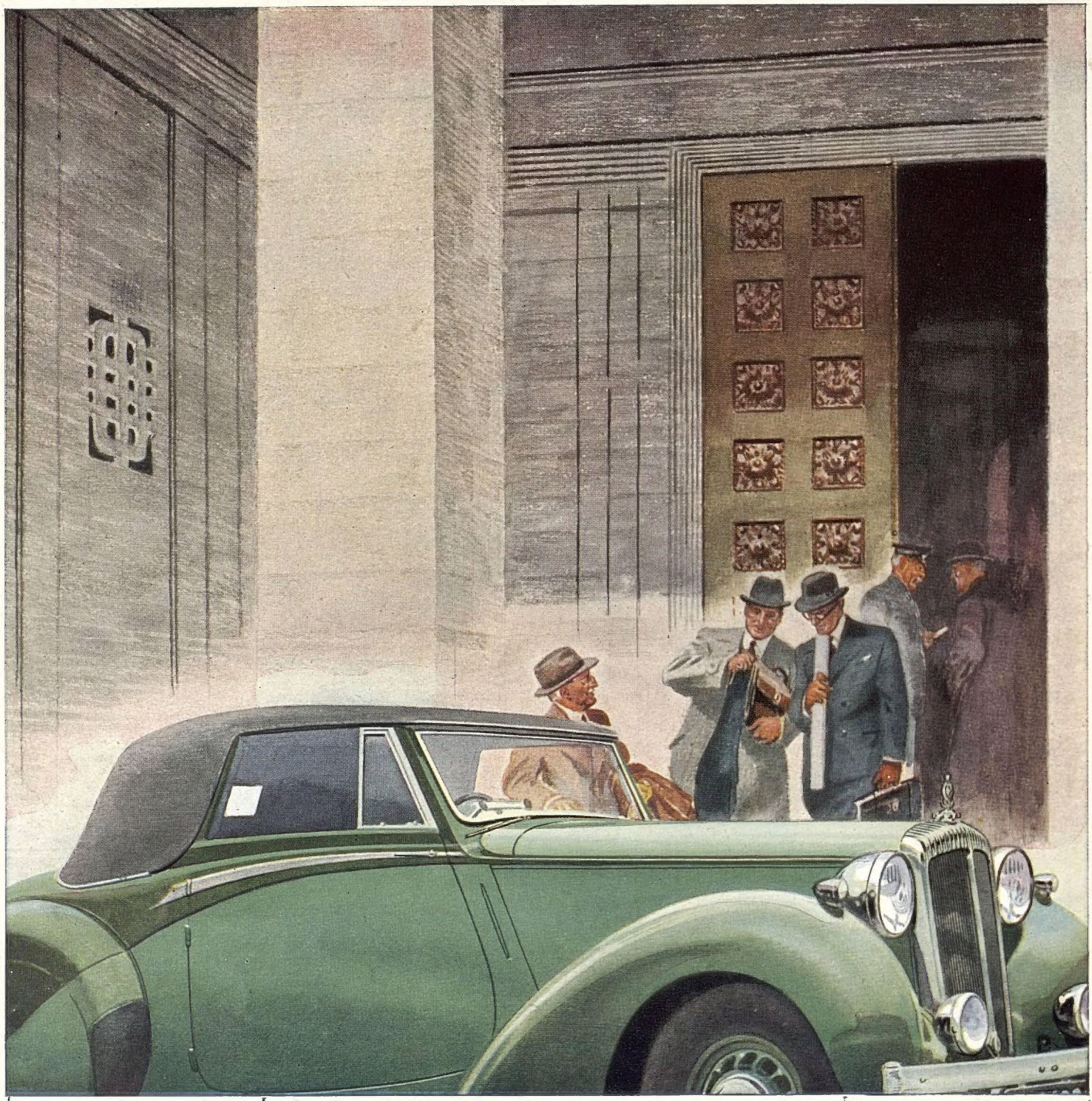

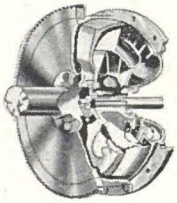

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